



Bossy ITALIAN

AMAZON BESTSELLING AUTHOR
FLORA FERRARI

BOSSY ITALIAN

**AN OLDER MAN YOUNGER
WOMAN ROMANCE**

A MAN WHO KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS, 123

FLORA FERRARI

CONTENTS

[Copyright](#)

Series

[A Man Who Knows What He Wants](#)

[Bratva Bear Shifters](#)

[Lairds & Ladies](#)

[Russian Underworld](#)

This Book

[Bossy Italian](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Extended Epilogue](#)

Series

[A Man Who Knows What He Wants](#)

[Bratva Bear Shifters](#)

[Lairds & Ladies](#)

[Russian Underworld](#)

[Newsletter](#)

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The following story contains mature themes, strong language and sexual situations. It is intended for mature readers.

A MAN WHO KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS

[Book 1: Baby Lust](#)

[Book 2: Veteran](#)

[Book 3: Built](#)

[Book 4: Bambino](#)

[Book 5: Rescued](#)

[Book 6: Leader](#)

[Book 7: Professor](#)

[Book 8: Burned](#)

[Book 9: Worldly](#)

[Book 10: Pistol](#)

[Book 11: Policed](#)

[Book 12: Driven](#)

[Book 13: Lucky 13](#)

[Book 14: Lumberjacked](#)

[Book 15: Protector](#)

[Book 16: Carpenter](#)

[Book 17: Italian Stallion](#)

[Book 18: Gardener](#)

[Book 19: Budapest Billionaire's Virgin](#)

[Book 20: Billionaire's Babysitter](#)

[Book 21: Cocky CFO](#)

[Book 22: Fireman's Filthy 4th](#)

[Book 23: Mechanic](#)

[Book 24: SEAL's Secret](#)

[Book 25: Police, Pooch, and Smooch](#)

[Book 26: Fireman's Fake Fiancée](#)

[Book 27: Billionaire's Virgin Ballerina](#)

[Book 28: Bitcoin Billionaire's Babysitter](#)

[Book 29: Veterans Day Daddy](#)

[Book 30: Cowboy's Christmas Carol](#)

[Book 31: Police Officer's Princess](#)

[Book 32: Statham](#)

[Book 33: Bodyguard](#)
[Book 34: Greek God](#)
[Book 35: Billionaire Single Dad's Babysitter](#)
[Book 36: Mountain Man](#)
[Book 37: SEAL's Justice](#)
[Book 38: Royal Romance](#)
[Book 39: Doctor Mountain Man's Special Delivery](#)
[Book 40: Crocodile Dan D](#)
[Book 41: Mountain Man's Secret Baby](#)
[Book 42: Doctor Bad Boy's Secret Baby](#)
[Book 43: Cop's Babysitter](#)
[Book 44: Nanny for the Cop Next Door](#)
[Book 45: Small Town SEAL's Saving Grace](#)
[Book 46: Cop's Fake Fiancée](#)
[Book 47: Billionaire's Nanny](#)
[Book 48: Cowboy's Babysitter](#)
[Book 49: Steamy](#)
[Book 50: Brother's Best Friend](#)
[Book 51: Possessive Professor](#)
[Book 52: Firefighter's Babysitter](#)
[Book 53: Soldier's Secret Baby](#)
[Book 54: Ward's Independence Day](#)
[Book 55: Doctor Next Door](#)
[Book 56: Possessive Policeman](#)
[Book 57: Coached by the MMA Fighter](#)
[Book 58: Boss's Babysitter](#)
[Book 59: Virgin in New York](#)
[Book 60: Rock Star's Baby](#)
[Book 61: Possessive Protector](#)
[Book 62: Possessive Australian](#)
[Book 63: Best Friend's Brother](#)
[Book 64: Possessive Cowboy](#)
[Book 65: Summer Romanced](#)
[Book 66: Possessive Prince](#)
[Book 67: Lovers's Enemy](#)
[Book 68: Cop's Best Friend](#)

[Book 69: Possessive Firefighter](#)
[Book 70: Football Next Door](#)
[Book 71: Doctor December](#)
[Book 72: Possessive Canadian](#)
[Book 73: Blue Collar Billionaire](#)
[Book 74: Possessive K-9 Cop](#)
[Book 75: Possessive Brazilian](#)
[Book 76: Hockey Obsession](#)
[Book 77: Possessive Boston Irish American MMA Fighter](#)
[Book 78: Halloween Next Door](#)
[Book 79: Possessive Russian](#)
[Book 80: Baseball Mine](#)
[Book 81: Cop's Caribbean Captive](#)
[Book 82: Instalove Island](#)
[Book 83: Dad's Best Friend](#)
[Book 84: Thanksgiving with Dad's Boss](#)
[Book 85: Possessive Italian Neighbor](#)
[Book 86: Possessive Portuguese](#)
[Book 87: Possessive Christmas Cop](#)
[Book 88: Russian's Obsession](#)
[Book 89: Possessive Doctor's Christmas](#)
[Book 90: Possessive Parisian Pilot](#)
[Book 91: U.K. Boxing Day](#)
[Book 92: Jealous Russian Stalker](#)
[Book 93: Italian Mountain Man](#)
[Book 94: Aggressive Russian](#)
[Book 95: Possessive Valentine](#)
[Book 96: Possessive Hunter](#)
[Book 97: Dad's Russian Mafia Friend](#)
[Book 98: Russian Teacher](#)
[Book 99: Australian Obsession](#)
[Book 100: Russian Next Door](#)
[Book 101: Dad's Irish Friend](#)
[Book 102: Nanny for the Russian Mafia](#)
[Book 103: Best Friend's Dad](#)
[Book 104: Basketball Babymaker](#)

[Book 105: Possessive Veterinarian](#)
[Book 106: Brother's Fireman Friend](#)
[Book 107: Brother's Canadian Cowboy Friend](#)
[Book 108: Summer Vacation with Dad's Best Friend](#)
[Book 109: Dad's Italian Mafia Friend](#)
[Book 110: Dad's Irish Mafia Friend](#)
[Book 111: Dad's Football Friend](#)
[Book 112: Possessing His Dancing Queen](#)
[Book 113: Brother's Cop Friend](#)
[Book 114: Halloween With Dad's Best Friend](#)
[Book 115: Claimed By Her Boss](#)
[Book 116: Possessive Rider](#)
[Book 117: Dad's Ex-Biker Buddy](#)
[Book 118: Possessive Undercover Cop](#)
[Book 119: Falling For Her Boss](#)
[Book 120: Claiming His Fashionista](#)
[Book 121: More Than Dad's Best Friend](#)
[Book 122: Thanksgiving With Dad's Best Friend](#)
Book 123: Bossy Italian

BRATVA BEAR SHIFTERS

[Book 1: Dad's Russian Mafia Bear Best Friend](#)

[Book 2: Babysitter For Dad's Russian Mafia Bear Friend](#)

LAIRDS & LADIES

[Book 1: Possessive Highlander](#)

RUSSIAN UNDERWORLD

[Book 1: Brooklyn Bratva](#)

BOSSY ITALIAN

I'm a voracious reader with a wild imagination, and even wilder needs.

Although I may be a **young woman** who's never experienced her **first time**, I know **I want to feel pain**, I just have no idea when and where I'm going to find the right man to give it to me...if ever.

My life is about keeping my composure and maintaining control, but I lose control, and all my inhibitions, fears, and feelings of shame attached to my desires, when a **bossy Italian** walks into my world and flips it, and my boss, upside down.

This **older Italian man** is my new **boss** now, and he's ready to take control of all things, in and out of the bedroom.

But is this **painful pleasure** he gives me just something to make me feel good in the moment, or will he capture the moment forever, and fill my life with a big Italian family...forever?

**This story contains off-the-page mafia violence, spanking, bondage, and masochistic situations... but wraps up in a big HEA.*

NEWSLETTER

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CHAPTER 1

Antonio

Omertà. A code of silence...and honor.

Most people forget that second part. I never do.

And if this prick at the counter disrespects the young woman he's hired to do thankless work at his diner, at an hour she should be home and studying, or in bed, I'm going to show him what silence really means...up close and personal.

I've been watching her since I set foot in this place thirty minutes ago. That's not even true. I noticed her through the visor of my helmet the minute I stepped off my Ducati in the parking lot.

She made everything, and I mean everything, an afterthought as my eyes locked in right on her.

I want her. I need her. But it's not just sex I want.

I want her in every way. To consume her. To possess her.

Just like she already possesses me.

I want a family with this girl.

Anna.

That's what her name tag says in the girly cursive script.

The nametag which sits right on her left breast, which needs to be covered up by another button or two from that shirt of hers. Screw the shirt. She needs to be wearing a sweater inside a sumo suit as far as I'm concerned. I don't want anyone else looking at what's mine.

She's too provocative, yet too cute at the same time. That white shirt of hers with the little espresso cups printed on it at all angles. She's girly. She's submissive. I could see it from a mile away.

But she's too young for me. She's too innocent for what I want to do to her.

Images of Anna tied to my bed, her body stretched out for me race through my mind. The thought that I could do anything I want to her while she's in that position has my cock so hard I know going home and trying to relieve the pressure in my groin wouldn't come close to solving my problem.

My problem is her...and why I've never seen her before, never met her before, and why she's not already in my life, by my side...always.

That innocent smile she flashed me twelve minutes ago is still burning in my brain. I'm so focused on everything about her right now that I remember it to the minute, without even needing to look at the clock on the wall. No way do I ever want to take my eyes off her, not even for one second.

It was innocent, just a gesture of friendliness, but still it was enough to turn my boiling blood into ice.

But then she turned and smiled at another customer. Immediately I wanted to gouge his eyes out for even looking at her, let alone eliciting a response like that from my woman.

I keep my eyes locked on her, and that manager, waiting for one false move or condescending word from him.

I take my espresso from the saucer without looking down, bring it to my lips and tip back the last of it.

The last thing I need right now is caffeine. My mind beyond alert, my dick hard as Italian marble... every possessive bone in my body ready to go up to her, toss her over my shoulder, and take her back to my palace and show her what Italian marble feels like underneath her while I claim her, knowing there's no way I could wait until we got to the bedroom to show her who she belongs too.

Anna is mine, in all ways.

I stand and slide sideways out of my booth, my eyes still locked on her, as I straighten my Armani suit before cracking my neck to the right and then to the left.

My Ferragamo boots, which were changing gears on my sportbike just over thirty minutes ago, are about to change gears and go right up this jerk's ass if he does what I think he's going to.

Anticipation. You don't live to be thirty-nine in my world without being a master at it.

I move across the worn down linoleum tiles beneath me, wondering how in the hell an angel like her wound up in a hell like this.

That's about to change... forever.

A few customers stand to pay, but when they turn and see me they duck back into their booths, the aisle parting for me like the red sea.

The tension in the room is thick as clotted blood, and mine boils the minute this manager with a God complex grabs her upper arm tight.

"You're hurting me," she says softly as I cover the five yards between her and I in record time.

"Can't you make the connection you dumb b—"

I slam the man's face into the counter, keeping my palm pressed against the side of his skull as I raise my knee up into the back of his balls, just to let him know what I think about his lack of manhood, for the way he's treating women.

"Seems like the only *connection* that's missing here, is the one between your mouth and your brain."

"We're closed," he mumbles underneath the pressure of my palm, as I feel sweat on his scalp sprout like a rainstorm.

"Seems to me you're very much open... or is that just your mouth."

Silence. Just how I like it.

"See, son, when a woman says you're hurting her you've obviously gone way too far. That's your cue to back up, apologize, and pray to God that she'll accept it. And of

course never do it again, not that you should have ever done it in the first place, let alone need to be reminded.”

“Who the fuck are you?”

“The one sent to remind you. See, when a woman says no, it means no.”

My eyes move from him to Anna, motioning with my head for her to step outside, but she’s frozen in place.

I motion again and she scurries toward the door.

I’m not a fan of dishing out violence in public, especially not in front of a woman, but I need to finish this off and get out of here before things really escalate.

The man tries to wiggle free under my grip, but the feel of his dyed blond hair, and his pineapple feeling skin, moving across my palm only annoys me.

“Now. Do you want me to kill you?”

“No,” he groans.

“See how that works? See how easy that is?”

Nothing.

“I can’t heeeear you.”

“Yeh-”

But before he can get the word out of his mouth I apply more pressure, deciding to wax the countertop with his face, in an affirmative head nod instead.

“Good, boy. You learn fast. And if I learn of you harassing any of your employees, including this former employee, because yes, she doesn’t work for you anymore, then I’m going to come in here and remind you what happens when the person with more strength and power doesn’t stop when the smaller person clearly asks them to.”

I lean in closer, right into his ear. “And you may be a big boy, but you’re clearly smaller than I am.” The man is well over six foot three and is built like a linebacker, but he’s no match for my six foot five and a training regimen that includes three hours a day of boxing, weights, wrestling, and firearms.

“Okay,” he mumbles.

“And remember...I know how to make a person look like they died in an accident, or disappear altogether. Capiche?”

I lean back, straightening out my back and releasing a bit of pressure so he can speak.

“Just tell me what you want?” he asks.

“I don’t *want* anything. But I *need* you to apologize to her.”

I turn and look directly at Anna, seeing that she has stepped to the door, but she hasn’t stepped outside yet. She’s watched the whole thing go down. The silver lining is that she’s going to get what she’s due right now, if this guy wants to see the sunrise tomorrow.

“I’m sorry.”

“For what?”

“Disrespecting you.”

“Good. Now say it to her,” I say, my hand changing its position so his neck bends and his body twists as his head points right at her.

“I’m sorry for disrespecting you,” he says, his eyes bulging out of his head.

“Do you accept his apology...Anna?”

She nods furiously.

I pound my other fist on the counter and the register springs open. I peel back the cash from underneath the clips and hold it out to her.

“Take it. It’s your severance.” I turn back to the manager.
“For putting up with a prick like you.”

“I can’t. I need this job.”

“Fuck him. Fuck this diner, and fuck anyone who thinks they can disrespect you or push around any woman. You don’t need that in your life. Not now, not ever,” I say, my tone becoming feral.

“Just remember. You gave the money freely. It wasn’t a robbery...especially if the heat shows up,” I say to the manager, hearing a siren wailing in the distance.

“I didn’t see nothing,” he agrees.

“Anything...you didn’t see anything.”

I pull my knee back from his balls and release my hand from his head, carefully sliding a napkin out of the dispenser and wiping my hands off before applying a big squirt of the hand sanitizer which sits on the countertop. I don't know how Anna works around this guy. She must take five showers after every shift as dirty as I feel just in his presence.

"We're leaving," I say, offering her my arm.

"Where?"

"Why do you ask so many questions?" I say, my big hand engulfing hers instead of waiting for her to be escorted out like a proper lady.

I don't have time for this. I don't have time to sit around and wait for the cops to arrive.

But I sure as hell have time for her...all the time in the world.

I carefully put my helmet on her head and get on my bike, helping her on behind me.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Home."

"Home? How do you know where I live?"

"I know more about you than you think. And everything else there is to know...I'm going to teach you."

The bike revs to life underneath us and I pull out the back of the lot, just as the cops pull in the front.

Time to get her home safely, where she belongs...but not for much longer.

This might be the last night she sleeps in that house of hers, because she's going to be moving into mine...and turning my house into a home.

For us.

CHAPTER 2

Anna

I know more about you than you think. And everything else there is to know... I'm going to teach you.

What did he mean by that?

How did he know where I live?

Who is he?

Normally by the time the bus gets to the stop that's closest to my house I'm exhausted, and still have another quarter mile to walk.

Not tonight. No bus. No walking. He drove right up to the front of my house, took the curb with a small bump and dropped me off right on the bottom of my front steps before helping me off, taking his helmet back and telling me to be ready tomorrow at eight a.m. Sharp.

"Ready for what?" I'd asked.

"A car will be here to pick you up and take you to your new place of employment."

"Where?"

"My office."

Before I could ask another question he was gone.

“How was work?” my dad asks from the living room.

“Boring,” I yell as I race up the stairs.

“You don’t seem bored,” my dad says as he pivots in his wheelchair just as I close my door and dive onto my bed.

“Oh my God, what just happened?” I ask as I flip over onto my back and stare up at the ceiling.

Quickly I slide over and put my feet on the floor, my body antsy, my hands fidgety.

Normally when I get home I read a book on my Kindle, but tonight the story I’m most interested in is the one of my life and the dark knight in the suit who showed up at my lousy job and provided more wish fulfillment than I could have read about in a month.

His voice was much deeper, more gravely, and stern, but you could swap him out for David Attenborough doing the *Dynasties* documentaries for BBC Earth. And the only question is which animal he’d be...the lion or the chimpanzee.

He was big, dark, and walked like an alpha predator in the concrete jungle, hence the chimpanzee.

But the way he looked at me from that booth of his going on thirty minutes straight completely resembled one of those savage lions stalking its prey.

There I was, one of those cute little zebras just drinking away at the watering hole with my other zebras. Then this big-ass lion sits down for a while and this zebra goes and

hides, trying to run for cover on the other side of the diner... waiting tables far away from him. But there's just something magnetic about those eyes...something about the way they pull you in and make you feel scared as hell, yet somehow safe at the same time. So I wander back over to the watering hole that is his side, ready to carry on my merry way and, boom!

But he didn't come running out of nowhere and pounce on me. He pounced on my asshole boss Keith.

And my boss is definitely a zebra, because he can't change his stripes. He's a jerk through and through and although I hate violence he deserved what he got.

Then again I *thought* I hated violence.

Men can lash out and it's somewhat accepted, but as a woman we have to keep it in. Back to that wish fulfillment... there was just something about that man Antonio is his name doing it for me that... damn... I'm not even sure how to say it, but did I ever get a rush from watching him dish out a big plate of justice to my boss.

Before my mom was killed in the same car accident which put my dad in a wheelchair, and out of work, she used to always tell me I'd end up living a lonely life if I was going to sit around and wait on Mr. Perfect.

Maybe she's right. Maybe that's why I prefer to read romance novellas instead, because it allows me to quietly acknowledge she's right without giving up hope. I don't know, although I do know I never fully gave into this notion.

And damn, am I ever glad I didn't now.

The bang of my boss's head against that countertop was like a symphony to my ears. The way he just dropped him like a bag of garbage.

The way he offered me his arm, covered in fine, Italian, lightweight wool was too much. I didn't feel like I was at his level, and couldn't accept.

So what does he do? He just takes my hand and escorts me to his chariot, which happens to be a fire engine red Italian motorcycle.

And he didn't even walk with me there, he glided. It's like everything on this earth is just so simple for him, a game, and anything he wants done is effortless...while so many things feel like a struggle to me.

Then again the man is a beast, his body corded with muscle which became very apparent by his posture, his broad shoulders, and the feel of him when I held on as he safely guided his bike to my house.

Looks, manners, and masculinity. Tall, dark, and handsome and completely putting the rest of his gender to shame.

Usually I feel a bit too big, promising myself I need to wake up early and do some cardio instead of scarfing down an extra pop tart, or one of those calorie bomb milkshakes that Starbucks passes off as coffee. But next to him I felt small, for the first time in as long as I can remember. I felt feminine even.

Then again this man made my well over six foot boss look small and feminine too, throwing him around like a ragdoll with the same kind of predatory delight a crocodile thrashes it's catch before it takes it for a death roll.

And that predatory delight was the same way he looked at me...and do I ever want him to treat me like a ragdoll, just not like that.

I may not have much experience, or any at all for that matter, but all these books that have filled up three Kindles now have me fantasizing about things I could never confide in anyone.

If I told someone I was a virgin, yet wanted to experience pain, they'd look at me like I was crazy.

Or tell me to crawl before I walk...or in this case sprint a marathon.

But I know what I want.

Him.

It's beyond clear to me that this man is the one who could finally make all my fantasies turn into realities.

These days there's just the teeny tiniest of wading pools in-between the Lake of Total Assholes and the Bay of Fucking Pussies, and women are left to accept what they're giving, which is almost never their first choice.

He's not my first choice. He's my only choice. And he's only an asshole to those who deserve it, as he proved, and he's as far as you can get from being a pussy...that much is certainly clear.

But would he display that same kind of dominance with me, or was I just a damsel in distress and he was a gentleman at the right place and time?

I lie back down on my bed, tensing my butt muscles as I imagine him spanking me until my flesh burned and turned red.

What would he do when I asked him to deny me the twisted pleasure I want? And how would he react if he only knew it heightened my satisfaction even more?

I've been ashamed of my desires, the pain that I want to experience with sex, and how my first partner would react to my requests.

Not only that, who would want to do things like that with someone like me? I'm not a Victoria's Secret model and my Instagram follower count is only double digits, when I last checked it a couple months ago. I post so infrequently it's dangerously close to hitting single digits.

But I want him to hit, or more accurately spank, my ass like he kicked that guy's ass today.

And he's the only man I've ever had these feelings for. At least the only one who was real, and not just words on a page.

Or pixels on a screen...but oh do I want him to make me scream.

CHAPTER 3

Antonio

“Not hungry tonight, sir?”

My glazed over eyes focus in on the shrimp linguini and glass of wine in front of me, not even realizing my chef had entered the room.

I reach for the glass of wine, drink it down in one gulp, and hand her the glass.

“I’ve got other things on my mind tonight, Isabella. Thank you for this meal, but I’m sorry.”

She nods, takes my plate in her other hand and heads to the kitchen. I can’t remember the last time I turned down food from my personal chef, a Michelin star rated chef at that.

But more importantly I can’t remember the last time I met a woman like I did tonight...because I never have.

This morning her dad had the balls to walk in, or more technically roll in, in his wheelchair, to my office and ask to speak with me.

You can’t just come in, and to the building that has my name on it no less, and expect to get face time with me.

Unless...you deserve it.

And that's where my honor code comes back into play.
Honor and loyalty.

When I was just a kid, I had no friends, and never opened my mouth, he was the only one who helped me out with homework assignments that kept me from falling back a grade.

Hell, I barely knew English that year when I arrived, and this kid did three quarters of my assignments without so much as asking for anything.

I could tell he didn't have many friends, and at the time I had none either.

I showed him how to throw a jab or two at recess, how to protect himself from bullies, and we considered it a fair deal.

He apologized for asking for a favor after over thirty years, and wasn't even sure I'd remember him.

I don't forget a face, especially ones that have done me dirty, or done me a solid. He was the latter.

When he told me his daughter was having problems with her boss, but he wasn't able to help her like he wanted due to his physical state, he thought there was only one man to go see...the one who gave him those pointers on how to fight all those years ago.

And he was right.

I wasn't about to hand this down to one of my captains, or soldiers. I knew I had to do it myself.

I just didn't know the woman I was going to help out would be...her.

I figured I'd be in and out in under two minutes. The sight of me alone is usually enough to make grown men run, but the sight of her had all kinds of debaucherous thoughts running through my skull.

Another reason I took the offer to help was because I thought it was a chance to collect protection money from an up and coming establishment. That's not my thing anymore, but I *do not* like the idea of someone giving a woman a hard time, especially at a place that's on my own books...not that there's many of those anymore.

It was on my way home too, but after dropping her off at her home, all I can think about is getting her out of there.

Her house was in a bad part of town. She deserved better, and something bigger than that tiny house.

I didn't like where she lived...didn't like the idea that she might not be safe there, which is why I immediately put in a call to one of my soldiers to take care of that.

But I also put in a call to my real estate guy, who ran a quick check and told me that house has been in the family for years...passed down through various owners with the same surname for at least five generations.

There's no way her old man's moving out of that house. It's part of him, and I don't want to mess with a man's pride and try to uproot him. It was hard enough for him to come to my office and look me in the eye and ask me for help.

My cell vibrates on the table and I look at the name.
Giovanni.

“Yeah,” I grunt as I take his call.

“Everything go ok at that diner, boss?”

“Does it ever not go ok when I get involved?”

“You’re right. I...I just wanted to check.”

“I need you to check up on something for me?” I pause.
“See if the owner of that place has been admitted to
UChicago Medicine, Northwestern Memorial Hospital, or
Rush University Medical Center.”

“On it, boss. You think he’s gonna talk?”

“No, but I’m not taking any chances with what’s mine.”

I get silence from the other end and I know why. Giovanni
has never heard me speak this way...never heard me claim a
woman, and that’s exactly what I’m doing, loud and clear.
And when I claim something I want, it’s as good as mine.

I never thought I was the kind of guy who would find the
right kind of woman for me...never thought I’d settle down.
But like most things in life she was right there, hiding in
plain sight. And now I want to hide Anna away from the big
bad world, protect her, and make her mine in all ways.

I wanted, no needed, to show her that underneath all of this
I was a good man.

“Anything else, boss?”

“Let’s add an extra man to her house tonight.”

“I’ll put another of our best soldiers on it.”

“Very well,” I say and end the call.

But this isn’t the end of my plans for watching over her. This is only the beginning.

And tomorrow the fun really begins.

CHAPTER 4

Anna

As I enter Antonio's building two thoughts instantly cross my mind.

For a place that's so secure, I've never felt more insecure, or maybe the more accurate word is scared, in my entire life.

And control. With dad at home unable to work, my plans for college put on hold, everything about me centered around keeping control.

Here I had none.

That car accident had dealt us a terrible hand and I needed to control my emotions, control the finances, control what we ate for dinner, control everything.

I didn't mind the responsibility at all. I was glad I was growing up and becoming an adult. I just didn't like the circumstance, which escalated the whole process.

And circumstances here were clearly beyond my control.

The moment I step inside I'm greeted by security guards nearly as large as Antonio, who point at the metal detector where I needed to place my purse before passing through a metal detector of my own...and then wandered down.

This place screamed power, and reeked of class and sophistication...just like the pitch-black town car that was

waiting outside my house this morning.

Despite the creepy factor, there was something that I actually liked about all this. No one had ever taken such an interest in me and the fact that Antonio had taken it to an extreme should have set off flashing alarms...but instead all it did was draw me in closer.

There was something very forbidden about all this...to be desired this way. It was all new to me, having been ignored in high school in favor of the girls who were glad to show off their toned bodies on Instagram.

How could I compete with that? By posting pictures of myself eating ice cream on the couch in my pajamas as I studied and read books all night long?

But here the only competition felt like Antonio competing against himself for whatever it was that he wanted from me.

And whatever he wants he's guarding it closely, both in words and in actions.

He hasn't even told me what I'll be doing for his company or why I'm really here. But whatever it is that interests him he took some very extreme actions by posting an Italian man outside my window last night. When I woke in the middle of the night I was beyond surprised to see someone leaning against a car smoking a cigarette in front of my house. It should have made me nervous, but if anything it settled me...made me feel safe.

As the security guard in the immaculate suit finishes swiping me down he bends at just the right angle so I can see the light reflect off the handgun he's got in a shoulder holster.

Control and protection everywhere.

He walks past me without saying a word, not even turning to see if I follow, although of course I do.

When we arrive at the elevator he inserts some sort of key, turns it, and then presses the button for the top floor.

I step inside and am whisked upward, taking in a view of Chicago as the elevator ascends.

Mere seconds later there's a soft ding, and the light for fifty goes out, letting me know I've arrived.

As soon as the doors swing open a woman who looks like she belongs on the cover of Vogue greets me with a smile.

"Good morning, Miss Smith. Mr. Spina is expecting you. Right this way please."

She leads me through a giant entryway and into an office that looks like it should be reserved for old-money aristocrats of European countries.

"Good luck," she leans in and whispers in my ear so softly that I barely make out the words, before she turns and shows herself out.

I'm standing, facing a dark, wooden desk and a single chair that looks fit for a king, yet is facing out, not at me. Apparently it's empty as it's completely still, until suddenly it whips around causing me to jump slightly.

"Anna." The deep baritone notes of my name echo off the marble walls and floors as Antonio quickly stands, straightening his suit.

“How are you holding up after everything?” he says, walking toward me with a purpose.

“I’m fine. Thank you.” I pause, before my shaky fingers dig into my purse, fishing for my nearly bare resume I whipped up in the middle of the night.

“Here’s my—”

“Is it difficult?” that buttery smooth voice of his asks as his hand finds my forearm, freezing it in place.

Immediately I start shaking, not exactly sure what he’s talking about.

“Finding my resume? I’m sorry, I’m just a little nervous.”

“I’m not interested in your resume or your formal qualifications, Anna.”

He just stands there, still gripping my arm with his eyes locked in on mine as they literally grip my entire body. I’m frozen and I can’t move. I can’t think. Can’t process.

“Thank you for having that man outside my house last night, in case my boss decided to retaliate.”

“Your ex-boss, wouldn’t be so foolish, now that he’s been made fully aware of the people he’s offended.”

The people he’s offended?

“And there’s never any need to thank a man for the things he’s supposed to do, especially when it comes to the common courtesies he affords a lady.”

The sudden dampness in-between my legs tells me what Antonio has done far exceeds “common courtesies”, especially in this day and age.

His hand releases from my arm and I feel it on the bottom of my chin, cupping it, as he raises my face up at just a bit of an angle more as if he’s inspecting a fruit at the grocery store before purchasing it.

I try and tuck my chin, turn my head, so he can’t look at me as I know my skin is hot, my cheeks bright red.

But his grip doesn’t allow it.

He’s just too big, too intimidating, and too frightening. Something inside me tells me I can’t look away, even if I want to.

I feel so small, and for the first time in my life fragile, and even thin. I guess that’s how it works when you have a man like Antonio physically taking control of you and invading your personal space at the same time. Then again I wouldn’t know...this has never happened to me before.

My heart pounds against my ribcage so hard I can hear the “thump, thump...thump, thump”, in-between my ears.

I release the breath I didn’t even know I was holding and suck in hard, audibly, as my chest hitches. Taking in the scent of his cologne, which is just as dark and deep smelling as he is, my body’s response only heightens.

“I know you’re wet right now. I can see the arousal on your face,” he says.

God, he is a predator. He knows what I'm thinking and can read me like an open book.

"I wish you could see how much your pupils are dilated right now, and the fact that I can see your nipples poking through that blouse you've got on, despite the fact I'm not even looking at your chest."

Something tells me to bring up my hands and cover my excitement, my need, but I can't. I want to tell myself I'm frozen, but I know it's more. I know I want him to see what he's doing to me. Want him to know I know his words are true, despite the fact I'm sure he doesn't need to be reassured of that...or anything in his life.

"I'm also aware that I'm making you nervous. Your knees are banging together like cymbals, and I know it symbolizes exactly what you're feeling right now."

"How do you think you know what I'm feeling right now?" I blurt out, wishing I could take the words back but glad I found some feistiness inside myself so this guy can't just walk all over me...not that I'd allow it, but then again it's not exactly walking all over me if I want him too.

"You're off-balance, afraid of me. You're not sure if you should turn and run, or if you want this to escalate even further, faster. That is exactly what you're feeling right now... Miss Smith."

The definitiveness of his statement doesn't leave it open for debate one iota.

And he's right.

His hand moves my chin up and back, as if he's physically making me agree with his words, not that he needed to. He's right and we both know it.

He may be some sort of rough and tumble man who seems to be involved in some shady business, but it doesn't mean he's dumb...far from it.

I doubt you survive long in his world without being intelligent, and he had smarts in spades.

He continues looking at me, as if he's figuring out what he's going to do with me, or to me next. It's not as if he doesn't know, it's more like there are so many choices that appeal to him, he's just not sure where he wants to start. At least that's what the smirk that appears on his face is telling me... if I can read him as well as he's reading me.

His eyes rake down across my body and it gives me a chance to do the same, despite having to move my eyes at an uncomfortable downward angle in their sockets, as I didn't realize just how much he had my chin tilted up.

"What would you do if I gave us both exactly what we wanted right now?" he asks.

"And what is it that you *think* we both want?" I retort.

Just as the last word leaves my mouth, his lips come crashing down on mine, his mouth open on mine and his tongue thrusting between my lips.

I have no idea how to react, but before my mouth can betray me and willingly open, he pulls back.

But this time it's his pupils that are dilated, his breathing is different, and his need is being telegraphed through his clothing.

"I know *exactly* what you want, beautiful."

He leans in and kisses me in that spot just behind my ear and I want to just melt into his hand, which slides around the back of my head, his fingers running through my hair.

"You want to relinquish that control that you've been holding onto so tightly. You want a man, a real man, a man who knows what he wants, to take control so you don't have to. So you don't have to make decisions all day long. So you don't have to continue exhausting yourself with worries and survival strategies."

It wasn't a question.

"But you've never met a man who you even saw a glimpse of a chance that he might be able to do that for you, until now. And now that you have, you know you want that man, but if he's truly able to take control like you desire, then why would he be standing here talking about it instead of doing it."

My head nods again, but this time without any assistance from him.

"You're telegraphing this need to the entire world, it's only that no one else has been perceptive enough to see what was completely obvious. It's like the world is blind...until now. Your S.O.S. has been heard...and now it's time to answer it.

He kisses me hard again and I immediately wonder why I didn't bring a spare pair of panties, a whimper leaving me which he swallows down just like he's swallowing the rest of me... whole.

"See how easy that is to just let me take control," he states, immediately after his lips pull back from mine. "Now just imagine how freeing it's going to be when you're tied to my bed, your entire body stripped bare and on display for me... mine for the taking."

My pussy clenches at the visual, wishing he was inside me. His tongue, his fingers, his cock... any part of him.

His breath grows louder and some defense mechanism, survival system, some part of my need to control every situation comes rushing back and instinctively goes into freeze, fight or flight.

"I can't. This is too much too fast."

Why was he escalating things so quickly? If he knew what I wanted, and so far he's been absolutely locked onto my needs, he would know rushing the entire situation is not it.

I jerk my head back, his controlling grip not wanting to relinquish the hold he has on me.

Three quick knocks on the door, and just as the third rap of knuckles on wood is audible he's replying with a thunderous, "Go... away!"

His eyes flash anger and he bares his teeth, his mind clearly on the door. I want to continue with my protest, but when he leans in again, that damn masculine scent of his like a

warm campfire in autumn is cloaking me, my body and ability to speak betray me.

I need to put this to a stop, but I just can't. I don't know hardly anything about him. This man is huge, dangerous, and about to consume me...in all ways.

Just as his lips are about to find mine again, a muted voice can be heard through the door.

"Boss, it's important."

His eyes close as he pulls back, taking a deep inhale and then slowly releasing it through his nose.

I use the opportunity to quickly look down at myself and see he was right, not that I needed any confirmation. My nipples are beyond pebbled, and I have goosebumps on my wrists. Damn, I should have worn a thick sweater today, but then again I don't really care.

I want Antonio, and I want him to know. The degree to which I need him, and in such short fashion, surprises me and confuses me too.

I've been a virgin my entire life, able to avoid ever getting close to a man and now here I am ready to hand myself over to him on a silver platter?

It doesn't make sense. None of this makes sense.

"Wait!" he booms in frustration.

His eyes slowly open and he looks down at me.

“Anna...listen to me. We are not finished here...not by a long shot. I feel the way you need me in your kiss. I can feel the heat coming from your skin, the way your skin is flush.” He pauses, lowering his hand from the back of my head. “I want every part of you, and I will have you.”

“What makes you so sure about that?” I defend.

“Because no matter what you need, I’m going to be the one to give it to you. Me and only me...the sole provider of all your fantasies, needs, and desires...in all ways.”

He grits his teeth in frustration. “Business calls, but just remember when I’m gone for a few moments how close we were to you being stripped bare, bent over my desk, and me claiming you as mine, physically, just as I already have verbally and with all the non-verbals known to man. And the rest will come.”

Leaning in quickly, he claims my mouth again, and before I can get my bearings he’s pulling back and walking toward the door.

“We’ll finish this later,” he says, pulling the door open and leaving me standing there, frozen in place wondering what in the hell just happened.

My eyes try and focus on the incredible view of the city through the floor to ceiling glass that lines the wall behind his desk. But I can’t focus, can’t process anything...except his words, and my desire for them to come true.

The way he held me there, completely under his control took me to places I’d only fantasized about.

He was right. He knew what I wanted, but to what depths did he truly know?

Did he know how much I wanted him to tie me up, spank me, and leave marks on my body to serve as constant reminders of the pleasure I was previously given?

Maybe, just maybe, I'd finally found the man who understood what I really wanted. And not only a man who understood, but one who could unabashedly deliver in and out of the bedroom, and in all ways. A man who could stimulate my mind, while he stimulated my body.

It was like I was awakened from a hibernation, like I finally had hope, something, or should I say someone, to grasp onto.

And Antonio wasn't even giving me a choice. He was taking my ability to control the situation away, just as he'd promised.

He told me, "*We'll finish this later.*"

It scares me just as much as it excites me.

But I wasn't just scared of what he had in store for me, but scared of myself and the depths of what I truly wanted. How could I know, as I'd never been able to actually go down that rabbit hole and learn how deep it went?

Would I accept what I found? Would Antonio be disgusted by what he discovered? What would we discover...together?

Only one thing was clear. Antonio was the only man to take this journey with...and knowing that scared the hell out of me.

CHAPTER 5

Antonio

“This better be fucking important,” I growl.

“A call came in on line six. We’ve got it on hold for you in the conference room.”

At least my team knew that this was the only thing in the world that demanded my immediate attention, and would cause me to step away from her. Very unwillingly, of course, but business had to get done in this case.

I nod. “I’ll take it in there.”

“Oh, good morning, Mr. Spina.”

I turn and see some guy I’ve never seen in the office before. Just as I turn and look at one of my captains the guy opens his mouth to clarify the question I had on my mind.

“I’m Jeffrey, your new HR hire. They brought me in when you were away on business in order to comply with Illinois State Law, as part of the steps your company needs to take in order to close up some of the leaks we found when the State Attorney General’s office visited last.”

I wanna punch the guy right in the mouth for all that gibberish he’s spitting, but I don’t have the time, nor do I want to get into another pissing contest with the Attorney General.

I turn my gaze back toward the direction of the conference room, but Jeffrey pipes up again. “Oh, and I’ll need to borrow the new hire real quick. It’s Anna, right?”

I pivot on the ball of my foot and march right over to Jeffrey, grabbing him by the shirt collar and lifting him clean off the ground.

“When it comes to her...I don’t share. Not now. Not ever.”

“But we need to process her through—”

“*We* don’t need to do anything. *I*’ll handle it.”

“Yes, sir,” he chokes out as he turns his head, making sure not to make eye contact with me.

“Now go make yourself useful somehow.” I lower him back to the ground and move toward the conference room.

I’ve already kept the caller on hold way too long, especially considering the place in my life they hold.

And as soon as I wrap this up, which I’m going to do as quickly as possible, I’m going to go right back in my office and grab ahold of Anna, and wrap up what we started.

But this is only the beginning.

The way she kissed me, or accurately hadn’t, had shown me what I already knew. Anna wants to submit. She needs to submit. She held back when my lips claimed her.

She was without a doubt a submissive craving control. I know, because I’m the one who needs to be in control.

Being so close to her I could see right inside the window to her soul...see right through her.

Her childish innocence. Her lack of maturity in some ways while being quick to respond verbally.

She was trying to keep up the facade of being in control, but I know it's nothing more than that.

A facade. A house of cards, that's going to come crumbling down now that she knows I'm here to set her free.

The way her nipples were damn near trying to cut through the fabric of her shirt, and her bra. The way I could see she was holding her thighs tightly together.

Everything about her, from the way she stood, how she presented herself, and even the lines she took when she walked, are neat and orderly.

But all I had to do is look into her eyes and see that need to just relax, to give up complete control, begging to be set free.

All she needed was the right person, and I was absolutely damn sure that was me.

Hell, if this call hadn't come in I'd be doing it already.

I'm not interested in anyone else. No one. Only her.

And in just a few minutes when I'm back in front of her I'm going to prove my hypothesis true.

It's not even a hypothesis at this point. There's no guessing as to the outcome.

She will be mine...in all ways.

CHAPTER 6

Anna

My phone vibrates in my purse in a way that tells me it can only be one person.

My dad.

I chose this phone especially because it allowed me to set up an extra long vibration for certain callers, which I did solely for dad.

Now that he's wheelchair bound I need to know if he might be in trouble, without looking at my phone every time it buzzes, especially while I was working in the diner.

It's almost impossible to believe that less than twenty-four hours ago that's exactly where I was, and here I am today looking out across the skyline.

I pull the phone out and take the call.

"Are you okay, dad?" I ask discreetly, despite the fact that I'm the only one in Antonio's office.

"Am I okay? Honey, do you know why there's a crew here installing a wheelchair ramp in front of the house?"

"I...no."

"And another that pretty much just came inside, pushing past me and is cleaning everything and fixing some busted

hinges and other odds and ends that I haven't been able to get around to?"

"I...um...no," is all I can muster, but it can only be one person.

Antonio.

"Is everything okay?" I ask.

"Yeah, I just don't want to be in debt to anyone." He pauses. "Where are you today? I thought you were working nights this week at the diner."

"I'm interviewing somewhere else at the moment."

"Oh. Well, then I don't want to disturb you. Good luck, but call me when you're done so we can figure out what the heck's going on."

"Okay, dad. I will. Love you."

"Love you too."

The call ends but not before I hear construction noises in the background.

Sliding the phone back in my purse I think about all those alphas I've read about. Alphas are all about protection. They make choices that affect you without consulting you because it's simply quicker than talking you around to their way of thinking.

And apparently that's exactly what Antonio is doing.

I want to fight him on this, but we really need those things around the house. For a man who seems to have a nearly unlimited supply of money it may be small to him, but to my dad and I, it's beyond huge. No one has ever taken care of him, or me, like that.

I could hear the elated tone in my dad's voice and it made me so happy. I smile thinking about the way my dad sounded so shocked, yet excited at the same time...and it sends my heart kicking into overdrive.

And what about Antonio claiming me again?

"When it comes to her...I don't share. Not now. Not ever," is what I'd heard him say through the door. How could I forget? *"We don't need to do anything. I'll handle it."*

He might as well have said, *"I'll handle her."*

His conversations, if you can even call them that, are one-sided and consisted of orders, declarative statements, and prohibitions more or less...erring on the more side.

The way his big, scarred hands cupped my face as he made those statements only added to the effect, not to mention the way I found myself unable to respond more than a time or two, even though I was quick on the draw more than once.

Sometimes words aren't needed when you know a change is upon you. Antonio is that change.

And I need to change positions or my wobbly knees are going to give out on me.

I move over to his desk, knowing I shouldn't, but I really need to sit down.

"Just for a second," I say softly to myself, taking a seat in his chair slowly, as if not putting all my weight on it will make it like I wasn't here.

But the way it envelops me just sucks me right in and seconds later I feel safely wrapped up in the fine leather, exhaling as I take a load off.

I can't help but want to pivot, and spin the chair around, but it's too high off the ground. My feet just dangle, so I have to turn back and grab the edge of his desk to move it clockwise, before spinning it back out to look at the city.

Now this, is a power chair. The king's chair.

I let myself absorb everything, but the minutes seem to tick away without Antonio's return.

My mind, as it often does in situations like this, just kind of drifts off and I find myself pulling my Kindle out of my purse and flipping it open to the last page of a book I bought last night called *Dad's Italian Mafia Friend* by Flora Ferrari, realizing this story is playing out in real time...sans the part of me paying off my dad's debt to his friend.

Even if I was here to pay off his debt it wouldn't be like that...because I'm doing it willingly.

But what will it take to tell this man what I really want?

My mind wanders back to the kisses he put on me, yes put on me like a pair of handcuffs. Surely they didn't mean anything, right? They were just kisses.

But damn, they were so firm and demanding and it was like he was telegraphing exactly what I wanted...him to be in control.

But would something really come of it?

I can't even find release with my own hand so how can I expect someone else to help me achieve orgasm? Then again, that's exactly what I need. I need to get out of my own head, and my own way, and not look at climaxing like an achievement...just let it come.

And that's where Antonio comes in. He won't help me get to where I've never been, he'll demand it.

Suddenly the door slams shut and I rotate my body to the side, but the chair doesn't budge.

"You're in my chair," his gruff voice calls out. "You're sitting in the owner of this entire company, this entire building's, chair...like you own the place."

"I—" I quickly twist my body and grab the edge of his desk, only making matters worse but at least now I can see the threat that is heading straight for me.

"You've been a bad girl while I was away, Anna. And now you owe me, and I own you."

The sound of the soles of his shoes as he moves across the floor are like a metronome, and when he arrives it's like a ding is going to go off, signaling dinner is ready. But from the look in his eyes, the only thing that's on the menu right now is clearly me.

“From now on, you don’t sit in my chair again... unless you like being punished... which I know you do.”

His tone had changed and the way he moves too. It was like he’d pushed his masculinity, which was already through the roof, into another stratosphere.

I couldn’t help but lick my lips as I ran my eyes up and down the length of his tailored suit.

“How was your call?” I say, trying to change the subject, despite knowing I would fail.

As he reaches me his large hand finds the top of my hand and slides the chair all the way to the glass I was just looking out of. The chair bangs into it, but the glass doesn’t so much as move.

“Don’t be scared. It’s reinforced and bulletproof...just in case,” he says, as I wince.

“Who would try and shoot you at such a height?”

“If I knew they’d already be dead.”

“What are you doing?” I ask as his hand finds the back of my neck and he lifts me out of the chair like I’m a kitten, my feet finding the ground.

The way he’s manhandling me should hurt, but somehow it doesn’t. More than anything the feel of his big mitt on my neck feels incredible, making my skin tingle and providing just a tinge of pain... making me want more.

His hand stays on my neck, forcing my head forward and my hands reach out to brace me. My palms flat on the desk as I

try and balance on heels, which I'm completely unaccustomed to doing.

Suddenly I gasp, as I feel his paw, and dammit if he's not a hungry lion right now, grab my ass...hard.

And he doesn't let go, as a squishing sound comes from between my legs.

I'm completely embarrassed, and completely aroused at the same time.

"You're wet for me, Anna. Drenched."

His hand releases my ass and slides up my skirt, two fingers running right down the folds of my slit, just a thin layer of fabric separating his skin from parting my pussy lips.

"Antonio," I moan.

"Open your thighs."

I should tell him to fuck off, but instead I do exactly as I'm told.

If Jeffrey from HR was here he'd have a field day with this, but instead I'm having the absolute best day of my life...and it's not even lunchtime yet. Heck, it's not even time for the first break of the day, and if Antonio had grabbed my ass any harder he might have broken that...and I would have surely liked it.

"Wider," he demands, and I comply by pushing my heels out and then letting my toes follow.

He runs his hand up and down my slit again, massaging me. At some point I have to protest, to stand up for myself, but the position I'm standing in right now is so hot the thought of protesting is the last thought on my mind...not that I have many.

My head is spinning, my pussy aching, as I'm lost in the moment. I barely even know this man and here I am bent over his desk as he's playing with my cunt.

The last thing on my mind is stopping him, especially considering the way he's making me feel.

"You were wet because you were thinking about me. I know you were."

"How do you know?" I ask, finally displaying some sort of backbone.

"Tell me I'm wrong, or tell me I'm right."

"You're..."

"An asshole?"

"Maybe a little."

"But an asshole who knows what he's talking about," he says, leaning in close to me, his breath hot on my ear.

"Yes," escapes me softly, and he applies pressure right on my clit, and my ass tenses and rises up even higher.

"Tell me to stop and I will, young lady...although it will be the hardest fucking thing I've ever done in my life."

I can't even form a sentence right now, and the words no, don't, and stop, are the last three that would comprise any phrase I could manage to cough out.

The thunder of my heart pounds in my ears and finally I do reply, and coincidentally the word no is the first to come out...but in the exact opposite manner.

"No, don't stop. I don't want you to stop."

"Good. Because in all honesty I wouldn't be able to."

I bite my lip, trying to fight my arousal at his confession, but it's no use.

I've never, and I mean never, been in the presence of someone like Antonio.

"Now. Here's the way things are going to be."

I nod before I even know what he's about to say.

"I don't share."

"I'm not yours."

"While you work here you damn sure are. I mean it, Anna. No one else touches you or so much as looks at you. Not just here in my building, but in the streets too. Anywhere. You're mine in all ways."

"Says who?"

"Says those drenched panties you've got on," he says, clearly unconvinced at my fake attempts to regain some form of self-dignity and power in this exchange. "And by the

way, nice lingerie is for seducing a man. You knew the moment you woke up this morning I was already seduced.” He pauses. “Now...take your blouse off.”

I feel his hand guide me back, my back straightening before his tight grip releases me. It’s like a vacuum seal has been broken and all I can think about is his hand back on my body. Somewhere. Anywhere.

“Off,” he reminds me, as if three seconds is too long for him to wait.

Just as my hands find the top button of my blouse his hands find either side of my thighs, grabbing my pencil skirt hard and slowly pushing it down to the floor.

My fingers are shaky as I fiddle with the buttons, trying to get them off. But my legs are even shakier, and Antonio senses it, squatting down and holding each of my legs as I step up and out of my skirt, which is quickly deposited on top of his desk right in front of me.

I can smell my need on the fabric, and I know he can too, until I feel his hands grab my ankles and his nose press into my calves before both hands and nose travel up the length of my legs and right up until they’re inches short of my backside.

God, he’s smelling me more seriously than a coffee addict takes in the scent of a perfect cappuccino on a caffeine break.

But there was never a “break” from Antonio, or a man like him. He’s one of a kind, and he’s treating me like I’m exactly the same.

His hands find my panties and he does with them exactly what he did with my skirt, stopping to ball them up and smell them first, before sitting them on the desk.

Just as my blouse comes off I feel his hands unhook my bra and I reach up to cover my breasts.

“Don’t you dare hide yourself from me,” he says, and my hands slowly slide down my body.

Grabbing my waist he spins me around.

I’m completely nude in high heels, right there in front of him and there is something absolutely erotic and powerful about it, even though Antonio’s tie isn’t even out of place yet.

But his suit is moving in and out, as his chest is throbbing forward and then pulling back as his eyes skate over the entirety of my body.

His hand comes up to my face, and he places two fingers right in front of my lips before pausing.

He flips his hand over and then only bending at the elbow, brings his fingers to his mouth and sucks them dry as his eyes close and then roll back in his head.

“The first fucking taste and I’m already addicted. I swear the fountain of youth is inside that body of yours and I plan on getting it out. All of it.”

My entire body is tense, and without losing eye contact Antonio runs the same two fingers through my folds and brings them right back to my mouth.

“Now... your turn.”

I've never felt more alive in my entire life, despite the fact that my control was completely gone. Never in a million years would I want to taste myself, but after witnessing the reaction it brought to Antonio I have to know what it is that's so special and amazing about...my juices.

I lean forward, and slide my mouth over his fingers, the pulse in my neck thumping as I close my lips around his fingers and then pull back, taking in my own self. Tasting...me.

"Fucking amazing, right." It's a statement disguised as a question, but I nod in agreement regardless.

"Good, because that's just the appetizer. I'm going to put my tongue so far inside every hole of yours and taste every part of you my palette will be able to distinguish the different types of air you breathe into your lungs. That's how fucking deep I'm going to take this. Do you understand me?"

I nod again.

"Good. Now turn around and assume the position."

I don't have to ask what position he's talking about. It's animalistic, primal, feral and my body knows...because it wants to be in that position too.

I firm my palms on the desk and tighten every muscle in my body...but it's still not enough.

"This is for sitting in my chair," he says, his hand coming down on my ass hard, sending me lurching forward.

By the time I steady myself and try and grind my heels into the floor so I can press my ass back into his hand, it's already gone.

But I don't have to wait long to feel the force of his powerful palm on my ass cheek again.

I push my ass into his grip and his fingers squeeze my flesh, his hand holding me right there in place like time's standing still.

For a moment I just take in the reverberations that course through me. The incredible sting, and the way this big man makes me feel.

As I hunger for more, I turn my head back, looking over my shoulder to see him unbuttoning the last button on his shirt.

"Face the front!" he bellows and just as my head squares up his hand comes back down on my ass, harder than before.

"You are a naughty, naughty girl, who's going to require *a lot* of breaking in... *a lot* of discipline."

His hand comes off me and I hear him sliding out of his suit jacket and then his shirt.

I turn back around again and for the first time see just how big, ripped, and inked he is as he stands there, hovering over me.

His left arm is completely sleeved, starting with a skull on his shoulder and a big, watchful eye on his bicep that's staring right at me.

But being sleeved these days isn't that extreme...but having your neck tattooed is.

His neck displays some intricate designs, but the real kicker is the skull right on his Adam's apple, and the red and yellow colors illuminating the eyes and mouth like his tattoo is a Halloween pumpkin...but a million times scarier.

I bite down on my bottom lip, and Antonio drops down to his knees before grabbing my hips and pulling my body back to him.

With one hand on the small of my back he presses down, turning me into a flipped L shape, my back completely horizontal and my pussy right in his face.

His kisses my cunt, then pulls back and blows on it and watches how responsive I am for him. Then he kisses me right between the legs again.

"This pussy belongs to me now. I'll have it when I want it... where I want it...and how I want it. You will never deny me and I will never deny you the pleasure you seek...but have never found...until now."

His hand squeezes my ass even harder than before, and then he literally bites my cheek and I cry out.

I don't know if I want to turn around and slap him, or ask him to slap my ass again...and slap him a high five for being the first person to read me like an open book, and know what I really want.

To know what I really need.

But how did he know?

I look him in the eye and all he can do is smirk back.

“I know, because I’m the yin to your yang. I’m the other side of the coin. I’m the giver to your taker.” He gently digs his teeth into my flesh, but this time in a playful manner.

“You’re mine now. There’s no use fighting it, holding back, or anything other than submitting to me...and to your desires, which you know damn well I’m gonna fulfill.”

His face dives right back in as his hands spread my ass and he licks right up my slit and back down again, taking my clit in his mouth and tugging on it between his teeth, causing me to moan out loud.

This game continues for I don’t know how long, as he keeps bringing me to the peak of the sexual mountain, but he won’t let me summit. Just when I’m right there he pulls back and slaps my ass hard, the stinging sensation just as good, but different, and it shocks me out of my near climax...over and over and over again.

I haven’t even come yet I feel like I’ve run a marathon, like I’m spent, like I can hardly stand despite leaning forward and my weight supported by my hands on this desk that probably costs more than all the money I’ve made in my lifetime up until this point.

He slaps my ass again then cups my pussy with his palm and then he takes it to the next level...sliding his thick, callused, middle finger right inside me, opening me up...and my mouth opens in return as I scream out as I near the first orgasm of my life...only for him to pull his finger back, bringing me crashing back down to reality, and still without the knowledge of what the ultimate release feels like.

CHAPTER 7

Antonio

I know exactly what she wants, what she craves, but it's time to lay down some ground rules so she knows this is more than just about the physical.

My hand reaches around, taking her by the chin as my other hand slides underneath her stomach, helping her straighten her spine.

I carefully turn her to face me, so she understands the severity of what I have to say.

"Listen to me, angel. I know what you want, because it's what I want too. And I want you to know...no, I need you to know, that I would never hurt you, whether intentionally or unintentionally. I know what you want to feel and what you need to get you to that place. I know you want pain, because without it you can have no pleasure. Before this goes any further, just know that even though I may seem out of control at times, and I know it will seem that way because of what you do to me, I will always be in complete control. And that means what I'm doing is only to heighten your pleasure, never anything more, anything degrading or anything we won't stop the moment you want to. I'm in control, but deep down, you're in control. You may be giving up the power in a lot of ways, but you control it in all ways. Just so we understand each other."

She nods. "I understand."

“Good.” But I don’t understand how she’s gotten to me like this. How has this one girl completely flipped my world upside down? As a mafia boss I have women throwing themselves at me left, right, and center and I’ve never been interested in any of them. Not one.

But her? The desire is so strong I don’t even want to talk anymore...I just want to feel.

“But why me?”

Damn, it’s like she can read my mind.

I answer her whispered question with a loud reply because I want her to know. Hell, I don’t care if the rest of the office can hear.

“It’s not something I can explain, only something that I can feel. And the way I feel around you is beyond my control in a lot of ways. I just need you so damn badly, like this magnetic pull that exists between the two of us.”

I lift her chin and inspect her neck, deciding where I’m going to start first.

Leaning in I kiss her collarbone and then work my way up, until I’m just below her ear, feeling the goosebumps form on her skin instantly.

“This is so much more than sex. This is about me controlling you and you wanting to be controlled, which I know you do,” I say, almost feeling like I’m repeating myself, but damn, hearing it said aloud just makes it that much hotter. “I’m not going to tie you up and whip you for the sake of tying you up and whipping you. It’s not about that...although with you that does sound absolutely fucking amazing. What

this is about is doing whatever it takes to make you feel the ultimate in pleasure, which just so happens to be exactly what works for me too. We were meant for each other, you and me.”

I can feel her pulse quicken at my confession of our destinies.

“I know you want me to have control in all aspects of your life, just as much as I want to be responsible for you in all ways.”

She nods just reinforcing what I already knew was true.

“But if you were the type of woman who was just doing this to make me happy, well, that wouldn’t come close to cutting it. It wouldn’t work at all. I don’t ever want you to do something because you think it’s what I want. I want you to do something because it not only pleases me, but it pleases you too. Yeah, damn right I’m dominant and you’re submissive, but it’s because that works for both of us, not just in the bedroom. You give yourself to me in all ways, and I don’t share that, just like you won’t ever have to share me. Hell, I don’t even want another man looking at you, or I will go completely apeshit.” I pause. “Tell me you feel the same. Tell me that’s exactly what you want too.”

She nods.

“Tell me. Say it.”

“It’s exactly what I want.”

“Good, then let’s start right now.” I pause and can’t help but smirk. “Get on your knees and suck my cock.”

My tone is so damn demanding she has no choice but to comply, and immediately drops down and gets to work on my belt.

Damn right she wants this, just as much as I do. And what exactly is this? My cock buried so deep in her throat that she can hardly breathe, and when I coat the back of her throat I know she's going to swallow it down whole...all of it.

Fuck, I'm damn near ready to come already just thinking about it.

Her timid and shaky fingers are gone as she grabs at my buckle like a fiend, making quick work of my belt and then my zipper.

I just stand there, that damn smirk on my face as I watch all this from up in my ivory tower. She may be down there, but she's in another kind of tower with me. She's already my queen even though she may not know it.

Damn right I'm going to fill her womb with my seed and make a baby with her, but not until I fill her mouth first.

She yanks my pants down and my cock feels a slight relief, yet is still straining against the sea island cotton of my boxer briefs.

She has to pull my underwear out and around, to give the thick head of my cock clearance room, my entire dick so damn hard and erect.

The second my boxer briefs are level with the bottom of my sack, she gets to work, not even pulling them the rest of the way down.

Good, I don't have time to waste when it comes to her. We've got lots of time to make up for, as in an entire lifetime's worth.

Her tiny hand fists my shaft, and no way can she fit those fingers of hers around it. And at first, she struggles to get her mouth around the entire tip too.

She looks like a squirrel saving nuts for the winter, the way my massive length is shoved inside the pocket of her cheek.

My veins are throbbing, sending all the blood in my body to one place, and I swear I feel lightheaded and my knees wobbly already.

"What's wrong?" I ask as she works the head for a long time, not even getting any of the shaft inside yet.

"I'm just...afraid I won't do it right."

She puts the head back in her mouth and I bend at the waist, cupping her face, the tip of my dick still inside of her.

"Listen to me, sweetheart. You're going to do everything perfectly because it's you. You can do no wrong. Just do what I know you want to do, and you know damn well that's exactly what I want too. Remember, this is finally your chance to lose control and feel all those feelings you've desired for so damn long."

I straighten back up, but she's not moving. She's just staring at me. As fucking hot as it is to look down there at her, my rod lodged in her mouth, things can't stay this way.

"Stop worrying and suck my cock. Now," I command and immediately her head slides forward until I feel the tip of my

dick slam into the back of her throat.

“Oh fuck,” I moan, as my head leans back and my hand instinctively reaches out and fists her hair.

I quickly look back down and lock eyes with her as her entire upper body moves in and out, taking as much of my dick that will fit, until there’s no room left, then sliding back.

She starts moving in rhythm and a couple times I hear that popping sound of her lips coming off my crown, the sensation there beyond belief as every nerve ending feels her plump lips slide across the engorged surface.

My grip tightens and at first my hand just moves with her head, but eventually I need more...and I know she needs more too. My hand applies more force and I hear her moaning as she takes even more of my dick to the point I can feel her breathing out hard through her nose, the air shooting into my pubic region like a compressor.

“That’s it, beautiful. Suck harder. Suck like it’s a race to finish me off.”

Suddenly she moans even harder, her speed increases, and when paired with the feel of her lips wrapped around my rod, and the sight of her hollowed out cheeks and her body and soul bared for me on her knees, only in those sexy as fuck high heels, pushes me over the edge.

I explode into her mouth and her head tries to impulsively jerk back, but I don’t let it.

“Uh...uh...” I moan as thick, creamy ropes continue to leave me after the initial geyser that exploded. My grip stays tight

and I don't even think of letting her face off my groin, not allowing her to come off my cock until she drinks it all down.

It's her body's natural reaction to pull back, but I know her brain wants something different. She wants the struggle and I'm going to give it to her, because the brain is the biggest sexual organ we have, and I intend to tease and please that fucker until the end of time.

"Suck it all down and don't spill a drop," I growl, as I feel the final spurts of my load release... and immediately I'm too sensitive to be inside her mouth.

I pull out too quickly, as some of my juice drips down the side of her chin.

My eyes move across her pebbled nipples but quickly lock on to that drop of come that's trickling down.

She sees it in my eyes, or senses it too, because she takes one finger and swoops it up like she's stealing a taste of icing from the bowl, and she licks it clean off her finger, with a look on her face that shows me she's finding her stride sexually.

She looks confident, aroused as hell, and satisfied... but unsatisfied at the same time.

I know just what she needs to change that.

CHAPTER 8

Anna

Antonio pulls his underwear and pants back up and zips his fly before sitting in his chair.

He steeples his fingers and stares me down before growling, "You're still in trouble. Don't think I've forgotten."

He pauses and I just stand there, not sure what to do.

"You like being in my chair? Well, come get in my chair now."

I move closer, not exactly sure what he wants me to do.

Beginning to sit on his lap, he stops me dead in my tracks. "Ut, uh, uh," he says, wagging a finger. "Not *on* my lap... *across* it."

The man is literally in control of everything, and it arouses me even more.

My mind is racing and surprisingly it's not thinking about my imperfections, my curves, or anything else that I would have suspected would occupy my thoughts.

All I can think of is him, and the many things he might do to me. The things I want him to do to me.

I bend over across his lap, feeling his suit pants beneath me as I lie flush. My feet come up off the floor and I can feel

myself shaking uncontrollably.

The heat from Antonio's lap is radiating through that fine Italian fabric and warming my already hot skin. I'm sweating lightly, and it's not nearly the only part of me that's wet.

He runs his finger up the back of my thigh and my eyes close as I take in his light touch, knowing things are going to get a lot stronger, more dominant, and hopefully painful soon.

Suddenly my eyes pop open when he bends forward and bites me hard right on my ass. I gasp as he kisses the same spot he just sunk his teeth into.

Just when I think he's lost it, and then regained himself again I feel the firmness of his hand come down hard on my ass and my back arches as my head shoots forward like a baby bird trying to extract food from its mother's mouth.

But the only thing being extracted are all the wants and needs from me, because I've finally found the man who's turning my wants into reality, and in real time...in the flesh.

His palm stings my ass again as he brings it down hard right on the same spot he bit.

Seemingly all the blood in my body rushes to that exact spot and my entire body fills with adrenaline.

He spanks me again, my entire body pressing forward.

"Have you been naughty?"

"Uh huh," I whimper. "Very naughty."

He spanks me again, and this time I'm hanging so far over his lap I grab his thick, tree-trunk like calf, for support.

His hand smooths over my globes, as if to make the damage he caused all better, but his grip firms and slides down in-between my legs, spreading them so that one heel is over his shoulder and the other is propped up on the desk.

My hands find the floor and I feel like I'm five years old playing that wheelbarrow game with a partner, but this partner is a beast and if my suspicions are right he plans to plow right into me.

But when he slides down onto his knees, sliding both of my legs up on his shoulders and sucks my clit in his mouth, I've never been so happy to be wrong in my whole life.

"So fucking sweet," he says. "Like sugar...like candy," his deep baritone growls right into my hole.

He places one finger right on my opening, gets a good grip on my clit with his teeth, and slides his digit inside me without warning.

My cunt sucks him in, pulling his finger in, claiming him like my mouth just claimed his cock minutes ago.

He works his finger in and out of me as he flicks my clit, his other hand kneading my globes like raw dough and then he spanks me again.

His face digs deeper into my middle to the point every inch of surface area of both are pancaked together.

Suddenly I'm airborne, my hands flailing as I look for something to grab on to, as he stands, his hands cupping my tits as I'm completely horizontal, and still nude except for my heels on, in his office.

He slides me forward, dismounting my legs from his shoulders and spins me like I weigh nothing, placing me flat on my ass on a pile of important looking papers on his desk.

Tweaking my nipple with one hand as he takes off his pants with the other, and his cock is rock hard again...needy, red from where I probably drug my teeth across his foreskin a time or two, and looks angry as hell.

His dick exposed, he takes it in his hand and strokes it from root to tip, staring me down as he releases my nipple and takes a step back.

"If you want my thick cock buried to the hilt inside you, you'll tell me who your pussy belongs too."

Before I can answer he grabs one of my ankles, lifts it up and bites down on it.

Holy fuck I'm damn near ready to come right now.

"Whose pussy is this?" he says, my ankle resting on the tips of his teeth promising that if I answer wrong he's going to go vampire on me again.

"It's—"

"Answer me, woman!"

"It's your pussy," I blurt out.

“You’re fucking right it is,” he answers without hesitation, before pausing and dropping my ankle like a dog who suddenly forgot about its favorite bone as it sees something more interesting on the horizon.

And something more interesting is apparently my opening, judging by the way he’s staring at it.

He moves in close, grabs me by the hips and lines his cock right up to my hole.

“Wrap your legs around my waist and grab a hold of my neck.”

I do as I’m told and he quickly says, “On three.”

I nod.

“Three,” he says, lifting me up off the desk and tipping me forward, his entire cock impaling me in one motion.

Every muscle in me tightens and I thank God I was so wet, as he slides in without literally ripping something, although the fit is so damn tight I can’t even breathe.

Antonio walks backward before spinning right as we reach the window, my ass and back finding the glass as he thrusts into me...over and over and over again.

I stare at his muscles as they flex, but not from supporting my weight, from the force with which he’s ramming into me, claiming me, before I’ve even had the chance to tell him this was my first time.

And what a hell of a first time it is.

I don't want him to know, anyway. I want him to take me as he wants to take me, which is exactly what I want...like this. Raw and hard and unadulterated.

My eyes comb over those muscles, that ink, that determination on his face to break me in half. And as my view continues down across the V in his lower abdomen right to his dick, I watch as he slides what looks to be as long as a ruler in and out of me...with force.

It's as if I'm floating on cloud nine, yet completely awake in the middle of a lobotomy at the same time.

A small tear pricks my eye and the intensity of the way he's fucking me makes me feel more alive, more wanted, more perfect than any romance novella I've ever read, or could ever be written.

This is real. This is raw.

This is me losing my virginity to a beast...and finding exactly what I've always wanted but never thought I could get, in the same moment.

"You're mine now," he growls.

Yes I am.

CHAPTER 9

Antonio

Anna's legs stay wrapped around my waist as I pound her into the glass, thanking God I opted for the triple thick panes with bulletproof protection. Little did I know the multi-layers wouldn't be used for protection one day, at least not in the form of bullets.

But in the form of protecting us from falling fifty floors to our death, because I'm not holding back. I can't hold back. My need for her won't allow it.

I thrust into her, feeling like I'm going to be the death of her, or more likely the opposite.

Hell, if we did manage to shatter this glass right now, what a helluva way to go.

But that's not happening. I may be delivering the pain she needs right now, but I'm obsessed with keeping her safe, and in a twisted, fucked up way, giving her the intense feelings she needs, like this, is just one of the ways I plan on doing that.

Every muscle in my body strains as I squeeze her ass hard. I feel the tips of her heels grind into my lower back and it only makes me harder.

"Play with your tits," I command, and she squeezes one, before pointing it up and licking around the areola.

I lean in, grabbing her tits away from her with my own two hands, claiming them with my mouth for myself, as the force from my hips keeps her pinned against the glass.

“I’ve got you, woman. Don’t you worry about a thing,” I say, as I catch her looking back and down over her shoulder.

“We’re not falling anywhere, except into this abyss together.”

Her back slams against the glass as I tug on her nipple with my teeth.

My hand slides underneath her ass and I move her from the glass, putting her feet on the floor and flipping her so her face is pressed against the glass.

The way the morning sun hits the windows I can see our reflection in another of the panes, and it makes this even more real... watching what I’m doing to her.

Watching the sweat run down the side of her face, her body. Seeing the way her mouth is opened and her face pinned against the glass.

I pull out, pissed at the void I’ve created, as I swiftly move over to the desk.

“Antonio. No! Don’t stop,” she says as she claws at the glass, trying not to fall into a heap on the floor.

I unhook the strap on my leather satchel and am back in a flash, bringing it down across her ass, which has her straightening right back up.

“Uh!” she moans. “Again.”

And I don't make her wait.

I bring the strap forward, and then get her other cheek on the backhand, and just like that she's completely connected to the window again...every inch of the surface area of the front of her body laminated against it.

"Harder," she demands.

"I've got your harder right here, baby."

Wrapping the strap around her neck, she pulls her head back, before leaning forward. "Uhhhhh," she growls as I slide back into her, my hips forward and the rest of me leaning back as I apply pressure to either side of the esophagus, and *not* on her windpipe.

"Antonio, I'm gonna come."

"Not without my permission," I remind her, loosening the pressure and stilling my cock inside her.

"Please."

"Please what?"

"Please let me come."

"You ready to come all over my cock, woman? My woman."

"Uh huh," she whimpers.

"Louder."

"Yes."

“So the whole office can hear you.”

“Yes!”

“Yes what?”

“I want to come, Antonio. I need to come. Let me come.”

“Hold on, beautiful.”

Immediately I resume everything, my fierce powerful thrusting coupled with the tugging and watch as the sweat drips down her body, puddling on the floor.

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck.”

“You’re mine now.”

“Ahhh!” she screams and I feel a tidal wave of her juices flow over my rod sending me into an immediate orgasm of my own that’s the most powerful of my entire damn life.

I pump her full of everything I’ve got, needing to breed with her, just as much as she needs the same from me.

My hips buck wildly as her body convulses until finally I wrap my arms around her midsection, feeling my legs go limp and I tumble onto my back, her body on top of me... protecting her always.

I lay there on my back, on my office floor, her back to my chest yet I can still feel her heart absolutely hammering inside her body and I know I’ve given her what she needed, but this is only the beginning of what’s to come.

She can take that to the bank.

I sweep her hair to the side and softly kiss the back of her neck...before giving it a little bite.

CHAPTER 10

Antonio

“Yeah, I thought about it,” I say into the phone, but clearly I haven’t considered the words he conveyed this morning. The only thing that’s been on my mind is her, and Jeffrey better hurry up and finish up processing her through his HR bullshit so she can get back in here and start her training.

As much as I want her for me, I know she wants a real job. She wants to contribute.

After what happened this morning, which I know she’s still wrapping her head around, we went for a late breakfast and spoke about her future.

She may not have a college degree or any fancy pieces of paper beyond a high school diploma, but I don’t care. I see the hunger in her eyes and she’s got a lot going on in that head of hers. She knows people, and most importantly she knows herself...and I know I helped her to understand more of herself this morning.

Then again, she always knew. She just needed a safe environment to be herself, as much as an oxymoron that the word safe sounds like in relation to what we did just a few hours ago. But it absolutely was.

I was in complete control, in more ways than one...in all ways as a matter of fact.

But now I have to get control of this situation in Italy before it blows up in my face.

Three little knocks are barely audible on my door, but I know right away who it is.

“I have to go. We’ll discuss this later.”

I end the call and quickly move to the door to let her in, before shutting the door behind us.

“Hey,” she says, popping up on her tiptoes as she says the word. Damn she’s so cute, and it’s like night and day compared to how girly she is now compared to how completely savage the two of us were not long ago.

“How was it?”

“Good. I’m all ready to begin now.”

“Jeffrey didn’t give you any troubles, did he? I swear I’ll...” I feel my fists tighten, but they release the second she leans into me, wrapping her arms around me.

“Not one bit. I think he knows.”

“*What* does he know?” I groan.

“Well, he asked if we were moving the furniture in your office so I’d have a place to sit.”

“Moving the furniture, huh?” I can’t help but smile at that one. “We were certainly moving some things.”

“Like the idea, right out of my head, that my crazy desires might never be realized.”

“Oh, we’ve got a lot more realizing to discover and explore... a lot.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah, and as a matter of fact it’s time for you to discover and explore someplace new with me.”

“You know a good restaurant nearby?”

I raise my eyebrow. “Italy.”

She raises both eyebrows.

“I don’t even have a passport, and I’m not sure my dad—”

I bring a finger to her lips.

“Do you want to go? Yes or no?”

She nods, and then slides her mouth around my finger.

“Then we’re going.”

And she’s going to discover even more about herself right now, if she keeps this up.

CHAPTER 11

Anna

One week later

“Antonio, we do not allow women at these meetings. You know that,” the older man at the head of the table says.

“And you need to know that she is not a woman...she’s my woman,” he shoots back. “And if she’s not welcome then neither am I. Your choice.”

There’s nothing sexier than knowing that you’re a top priority for someone, especially after I busted my butt studying Pimsleur Italian I for the last week in preparation for this trip. Not only that Antonio has been getting me up to speed about what that initial phone call was about the first morning I went into his office, and I’ve been racking my brain trying to come up with solutions to help my man.

And that included the flight over to Sicily.

I’m still surprised my dad agreed to let me go, then again I’m eighteen and once Antonio fast-tracked my passport application and I had it in hand, technically there wasn’t a lot dad could say. I got everything ready for him, including meals which he just needs to reheat, for the days we’re away here on the Italian island.

We’ve just arrived, yet already I’m in love with the place.

The other men at the table confer, and grudgingly decide I can sit.

Antonio, occupies one of the end seats of the big table, but he makes sure to pull my seat around so I'm sitting on the small, powerful, end side with him...not next to him along one of the long sides of the table.

And it's not missed by me that I'm to his right, his right-hand man so to speak, but this generation is female-focused, and Antonio knows it.. which is why I'm his right-hand woman.

And his hands have been all over me since that first morning in his office. I haven't so much as thought of reading a romance novella in this last week, preferring to live out my fantasies in real time, every waking hour we have together when we're not strategizing over his business.

"As you know, our gambling revenues are set to take a big hit with this new competition," the man at the other end of the table begins. "Spina Sports, Antonio's operation, and all of our other legal, and illegal, operations are in trouble."

"*Were* in trouble," Antonio interjects, holding up his hand as if to signal everyone to stop.

"We all know that last year New Jersey got the Supreme Court to overturn the Professional and Amateur Sports Protection Act of 1992, correct?" Antonio looks at each face at the table to disgruntled nods from the participants. "And we know that in June of this year, the Illinois legislature, with Governor J.B. Pritzker's signature, passed a broad gaming bill that allows for both online and in-person sports betting... including places on-location at venues such as Wrigley Field, where the Chicago Cubs play."

More nods all around.

“Needless to say, the competition for sports gambling, where we’ve made our money for years, is about to become fierce now that it’s legalized. And we can’t just move to another state because all states are more or less following suit, in one way or another. We can’t think in the old ways, we have to think outside of the box...which is one of the reasons why Anna is here.” He pauses. “*This*, is the one-and-only Anna by the way,” he says, taking my hand and making me stand.

“We don’t give a fuck about your love life right now, Antonio. We’re losing our shirts!”

“And I’ll rip the fucking shirt right off your back and stuff it down your throat if you disrespect me or my choice of romantic interest again.”

Antonio lunges forward at the man, and it takes three other men to hold him back. He bares his teeth at the other man, who’s quickly up and out of his seat and taking more than a handful of steps back. He raises both hands. “I’m sorry. I meant no disrespect. I just didn’t know she was...”

“*My* woman. Well now you do and you won’t make that mistake again, or it will be your last.”

It’s not lost on me that Antonio basically charged a two hundred and fifty pound bull of a man, who’s built just like he is...rock hard. And I know for a fact, that they’re both strapped, packing heat, and have bodyguards on the premises. Antonio’s risking it all, including our lives, to step up for me.

“Gentleman. Let’s let Antonio finish,” the man at the end of the table says. “We didn’t come all this way to rush through this. We need ideas, but please, Antonio...get to the point.”

“The point is we’re old men and we don’t understand the shift that’s being made. Hell, I’m thirty-nine, and younger than most of you, and I’m too old as it is. That’s why, well that’s one of the many reasons that is, that Anna is here.”

Antonio takes a seat and slides his chair away from the edge of the table, grabbing my arm and pulling me right into the position at the table he occupied.

I look at him, trying to steel my nerves, but I’m not exactly succeeding.

He extends his open palm to the crowd, and then stands, whispering in my ear. “Just like we practiced. You got this. Just imagine them all naked, remember?”

I suppress a laugh as best I can. “There’s nothing you can say or do...nothing...nothing in this world...that will make me feel anything but love and respect for you.”

Did he just say love? What the fuck? He saved that bomb for a time like this.

A warmth passes through me and Antonio squeezes my hand tight and then sits back down.

I take in a deep breath, clear my throat, bounce on my toes once and begin.

“Before my employment at Spina Sports I worked as a waitress at a diner frequented by many men in the thirty-five to sixty-four age demographic. What did they talk

about most of the time? Not the cold coffee, or the soggy pancakes, or even the crummy service...they talked about sports. That diner was their place to meet and shoot the breeze each and every day, for hours, about what they loved more than anything. Sports...and of course gambling on them. Most of their bets were just man to man, although there was a certain dislike for the thought that their bets required one man to lose and another friend to take his money. As strange as it seems they prefer a middle man to run things, to keep their friendships pure. I found this odd, even when I suggested that as friends they could give each other better odds and just spend the winnings on each other, so everyone would turn out the same at the end of the day. They want to win, but not at the expense of their friends. It ruins the safe, social aspect of this diner that is their home away from home."

The men start moving in their seats, growing restless.

"What I'm saying is, we need to build this for those men, and in turn the millennial generation. Gone are the days of men sitting in smoke-filled back rooms and basements of Vegas and small towns everywhere. Here are the days of community, fun, sharing these experiences together. It's not wise, nor profitable, to compete against the legal sports betting market. How you win, how we win, is to outsmart them...as Italians have for many years."

I get a few raised eyebrows as I used the word Italians and not mafia, but they know what I mean.

"There's a reason why FanDuel has done so well, and lives in the mainstream. Community. We can do better, because we can do this globally, including Italian soccer, or football as you call it, in addition to all the American sports."

A few guys mumble.

“These are my plans.”

I whip out fifteen small spiral bound presentations I’ve prepared and pass them out around the table. By the time I get back to the head of the table I swear Antonio’s smiling so big it’s like his face is about to crack.

“Mine,” he mouths.

Damn, I’ve never felt more proud of myself in my entire life... thanks to him.

Over the next twenty minutes I explain how millennials, like myself, think and how they buy. I explain that giving money away, in the form of charity, will actually make us more money. Not only that it will make us feel better in our hearts, but I leave the touchy feely stuff out for right now. That’s not a side of these guys I’m looking to appeal to. More importantly I explain that it’s just business, and by going legitimate we can expand, franchise, and get business in all age demographics...and the prized sector that controls eighty percent of household spending...women.

Do they ever like the sound of that. There’s a reason why the NFL wears pink some Sundays, supports our causes, and does everything they can to attract female viewership. And it’s nearly at fifty percent these days. It’s profitable...and it allows men and women to watch games together. Community. There’s that word together, and something women usually understand better than most men... especially the kind who hide from the spotlight, and each other, staying in the shadows counting their money trying not to catch a slug from a rival member’s handgun.

After I finish I sit back down and Antonio claims my lips immediately. “I told you, I’m gonna show you off to the world,” he whispers a little too loudly into my ear, causing me to blush.

“Vito, you’re up next,” the guy at the end of the table says. Antonio had already warned me these men wouldn’t use names in my presence and he was right. He also told me not to ask, as it would come across like I was with the C.I.A. or something... a strange face digging for information.

As always, Antonio was in control... and he knew exactly what to do.

“I...I’ll pass,” Vito says.

“What about your great idea?” another man at the table asks.

“I said...I’ll pass,” Vito replies, clearly frustrated that the idea I came up with just might be better.

But this isn’t about competing with Vito, or anyone. This is about that community that I just ranted and raved about. If all the families here can build a community together, we can all win...and that includes the customers, of our soon to be legal operations. Do I like the sound of that, even though I love the bad boy in Antonio.

Not long after the meeting is adjourned and some of the men leave for the airport.

Antonio, on the other hand, directs our driver to take a different route.

And I don't think to argue. He's in control, and I trust him completely.

CHAPTER 12

Antonio

My chest is literally swollen with pride over my woman.

Damn, did she ever show those veterans of the sports gambling game the direction we should take in the future.

I know what those son of a bitches were thinking too. They thought I'd just lost it over some young piece of ass who was a waitress just over a week ago.

Hardly.

Well, I did lose it over here, that's for sure. But my woman's got one helluva head on her shoulders. Even when she was "just" a waitress, she was so much more. She was listening, watching, learning, processing, thinking. And now we're all going to be richer, safer, and legal because of her.

Damn, she blows my mind sometimes, even though I expect nothing but the best from here.

I even joked with her that I'm going to have to start reading some of these romance novellas she loves because they sure do give her a lot of great ideas, and not just in the bedroom. Granted, I've led everything we've done in the bedroom, and it will continue to be that way, but part of that revolves around the fact that she knows what she wants... exactly what she wants... and I think it's a result of those books in that long series by that Italian woman called *A Man Who*

Knows What He Wants. Well, I'm damn sure that guy, and it's not hard to be when all I want in this life is her.

"You have got to be kidding me," she says, as I take her hand and guide her through the underground cave, and yes it's literally a cave, beneath our hotel, the Capotaormina.

While most of the other bosses headed back to their various towns in Italy for the night after our meeting, no way was I going to miss out on a chance to enjoy some time here away from it all...and I do mean it all.

This time of year the water's still warm, but the kids are back in school and the tourists are back to work. Good.

"Sir, we were just closing up," the boy on duty says as we reach the end of the cove, taking in the sight of the beach directly in front of us.

"That's why we're here," I say, shaking his hand and watching as he inspects the five hundred euro note I just passed him.

"But of course there are exceptions to every rule. Right this way."

"No. It's time for you to go home, son. You did your job for the day. Just pass me those keys and I'll leave them at the front desk."

"But I could lose my job, sir."

"What time do you work tomorrow?"

"First shift."

“We’ll be here then to return them.”

“But, sir.”

I give him a look that lets him know he can trust me. Plus I doubt he wants to argue with a man as big as I am who’s tipping him a week’s salary to have this pristine place all to ourselves. Then again I would pay one hundred times that amount for one night on this beach, because I know it will make my woman happy, and that’s absolutely priceless.

He hands over the keys and I give him a man to man nod. Despite our age difference it’s universal, especially in old world Europe. You’re only as good as your word, especially in Sicily.

I follow him back to the gate and as he passes through I lock up, then toss the keys on a lounge chair closest to the gate. We’re not going to need them until morning anyway.

“What do you have planned?” Anna asks, as she winks at me.

I sling a waterproof backpack over my shoulder and point to the rock that’s about ten yards by ten yards just a couple minutes swim from the shore. “See that?”

“Yeah.”

“Race ya.”

CHAPTER 13

Anna

The water is exhilarating, and despite my thoughts that I'd need to crash after such a long flight, and then my presentation, I'm full of energy... and so is thirty-nine-year-old Antonio. It's not like he's old by any stretch, but because he takes such good care of his body it's like he has the endurance of a sixteen-year-old cross country runner... in an NFL linebacker's body.

How did I get so lucky?

When I reach the rock he's there to pull me up, and pull me into a big kiss.

I'm in Sicily, on a little rock, just off the coast in autumn. What could be more romantic?

Then again, our room was beyond romantic, but I'm not thinking about romance right now and Antonio knows it, because he knows me.

He leans in, burying his face in the crook of my neck. "You know what's going to happen now?"

"What?"

"I'm going to fuck you so hard your pussy's going to ache on two continents. It's going to hurt for the rest of our vacation in Italy and when we get back to Chicago. I'm going to fill you so full of my seed it's going to be dripping out of you

next week when you come into my office and ask me how well that plan you delivered today is being executed. You know how fucking hard you made me when I was watching you up there, in front of all those convicted killers, money launders, and all around badasses? How you were owning the room in front of men who have killed for nothing more than pleasure, robbed because they could, but couldn't get their head around today's way of doing business? They're not even on your level. Tough guys? Brains over brawn, baby. I've got the brawn and you've got the brains, that's why we make such a damn great team. And you dominate my thoughts always, just like I'm going to dominate you, right fucking now."

His hand grabs my bikini top strap and yanks it free, my breasts bouncing and I feel so self-assured at this point I don't even think to cover them, or worry about how they're sagging a bit or how one's a bit bigger than the other, or any of the other imperfections that are probably just in my head.

"And just when I'm done with you tonight, which will then be tomorrow," he says, as he kisses my neck hard. "I'm going to show you we're just getting started."

"You promise?" I challenge.

"I promise you I'm going to fuck that little ass of yours raw until you can't sit down, so you have to lay face down on me tonight to even think about sleeping...not that we'll be doing any of that."

The intensity with which he verbally responds to any and every challenge I throw at him shows me just how damn smart this man is. Like me, he may not have a fancy degree, or a piece of paper that says he's achieved high levels of academic achievement, but the school of hard knocks is

real...and the education you get from it can make for a lot more cash than a Harvard MBA, that's for sure.

Antonio yanks the waterproof pack off and lays out an oversized towel on the rock.

"You like to feel pain."

"You know I do."

"It wasn't a question. Now take your bottoms off and lie on your back, and put your hands against that part of the rock where it angles upward and prepare to press against it."

I feel like he just read an entire instruction manual to me, but I do as I'm told as he steps out of his trunks, already as hard as this jagged rock which is pointing into my back.

Without warning he mounts me, places his cock in my folds and starts scissoring through them. There's no need to wait, because I'm already as wet as the Ionian Sea which surrounds us.

"Now push back against the rock and get ready for the fuck of a lifetime," he says.

I steady my hands and just as I'm about to say "ready" he slides his entire length into me, making my entire body go still as I press back against the rock just as he said. But there's not much pressure to apply, because my arms go numb, until I snap back as his hips pull back and then he slides back forward again, and I'm back in the moment.

"Press harder," he says as he begins slamming into me, his eyes locked on mine as the sun sets over the horizon.

“If you move your hands your head’s going to be driven into that rock and neither of us wants that...do we?”

Fuck, he’s teasing me right now. The idea, as painful as it sounds, is tempting, but I’m not about to take it that far yet. Pain for the sake of pain isn’t my thing. Pain for the sake of pleasure is something else entirely.

He thrusts harder and faster and I have to stop and slide one forearm across my face to keep the sweat out of my eyes.

“You don’t do as your told and you know the punishment,” he reminds me. “That ass gets spanked...hard.”

“Is. That. A. Threat,” I manage to get out in-between thrusts.

He stops entirely. “It’s a promise,” he says, flipping me over onto my front.

I slide one hand under my face and the other against the rock, knowing I’ve poked the bear and now I’m about to get bit.

Good.

I hear the snap of the waterproof bag and something jostling inside before, “It’s time for your punishment.”

“Ouch!” I cry out as I feel something hard come down across my ass, turning to see he’s spanking me with a fucking snorkel!

I quickly laugh, but the smile is erased even faster as it comes down on my cheeks again...harder.

“Hand against the rock,” he warns. “You’re about to need the leverage.”

What the...?

I hear him put the snorkel down on the rock and my hips tilt upward as Antonio enters me from behind, pounding into me with reckless abandon.

Just when I’m about to come like Mt. Vesuvius erupting he stops, and I hear a spitting sound immediately followed by his finger pressing on my asshole.

His knee nudges my legs further apart as he massages my hole, before announcing, “Take a deep breath in and don’t let it out until you know it’s time to let it out.”

“Uuuuuuh,” I suck in and immediately his finger enters my backside and a whole new world opens up to me as he breaches a hole that’s never been entered.

Antonio fists my hair and slowly begins working his dick in and out of my pussy while his index does the same to my ass...and then he adds his middle finger too.

I’m supposed to be pushing against the rock, something or other with my hand, and protecting my face from the rock beneath the towel.

But I can’t think of anything right now, only feel.

The smell of Antonio mixed with the saltwater in the air, the sound of birds overhead, and the sucking noise of my pussy’s vacuum seal as he enters and then pulls out of me.

And of course my ass being violated, and I love every second of it.

“Make me come, Antonio.”

“You want to come?”

“I need to come. Yes.”

“I want to make you come, but I want to hear you ask for it.”

“Please, Antonio. Make me come with your big, fat cock,” I damn near shout, only intensifying his thrusts.

Suddenly he pulls out.

“That’s my girl. Now I’m going to give you exactly what we both want. Hold on.”

His other hand slides around and plays with my clit while his fingers that were in my ass brace his bodyweight against the rock. Then I feel his dick knocking on my backdoor and without being told I inhale deeply.

“You know how it’s done when it’s time for me to take control.”

“You were always in control of my pleasure. Now please me!” I demand.

Antonio’s hand comes off the rock and slaps my ass hard for my outburst before his dick slides into my ass and my eyes shut.

“So fucking responsive,” he says, as he kneads my globes as his cock slowly moves backward.

He continues spanking me, and continues with the dirty talk as well.

“How does my big cock feel in your ass?”

“Amazing.”

“You want it harder, woman.”

“Yes, Antonio. Fuck me harder. Do it. Fuck my ass like you own it.”

“I do own it,” he says, picking up the pace like I’ve angered him.

For the next few seconds his fingers continue flicking my clit as his dick claims my ass, my hand pressing against the rock is the only thing that’s keeping me in some sort of stationary position.

My other hand clutches for the rock underneath the towel, and underneath my face as uncontrollable moans flow freely from my lips.

My pussy tries to clench onto something but his fingers won’t enter me, until finally he slides three inside me and all hell breaks loose inside my body.

I flop like a fish out of water and then feel an absolute typhoon of a wave form inside me, pass through my stomach, and explode onto his cock, sending him immediately into orgasm.

His balls pull up tight as he arches his hips up, burying himself inside me even further yet as he fills me with his

warm gift.

It's even more unusual than I expected, but oh so perfect. The way he's filled me and the perfect discomfort of it all is exactly what I want, what I need.

"Fuck, you're amazing," he says as he leans forward and kisses my shoulder blade, sending a warmth spreading through every part of me.

The night is still young, and the morning still hours away. If this was any indication of how things were going to be tonight then without a doubt I was in for the best night of my life.

I can't wait.

CHAPTER 14

Antonio

One week later

I sit back in my chair as Anna enters my office with two coffees...a cappuccino for her and a double shot of espresso for me.

This had become our afternoon ritual, coffee in my office as we oscillated between business strategy talk and all the places we wanted to travel to and the foods we wanted to try around the world.

Anna sits the serving tray down on my desk, bending at an angle that shows me she's not wearing panties.

Good, because if she did that would be a direct breach of the terms of her employment. No panties in the office, and not at home, unless I've picked up a pair of Agent Provocateur especially as a gift...that I want to drag from her body by the skin of my teeth.

Straightening up, she hands me my small cup and saucer and takes her warm drink for herself, perching herself on the corner of my desk looking sexy as hell.

"Thank you," she says.

"For what?"

"For giving me a chance."

“It’s all you ever needed. It’s all most people ever need, but unfortunately don’t get. Hell, it was all I ever needed.”

“What do you mean?”

I take a sip of the hot, acidic liquid, and set it down in the saucer.

Exhaling hard I begin, ready to reveal my origins to her. “I was ordered to throw a match when I was a kid in Italy. It was a junior’s match just for little kids, but there was still a lot of gambling action on it, surprisingly. And more surprisingly I didn’t throw the match.” I pause. “Remember the man at the other end of the table in Sicily?”

She nods.

“Well, he threatened to kill me, so I did the only thing I could think of...I took all the money I had and bought a one way ticket to America.”

“You came by yourself?”

“I was an orphan. I had no other choice.”

“How did you get enough money for a ticket.”

“Odd jobs. I saved every lira I made as a kid. We used lira in Italy before the Euro. And it wasn’t hard to bribe the flight steward to let me board, even though I didn’t have parental consent forms.”

“You came to America as a kid, by yourself?” she gasps.

“I needed a chance, just like you, so I created my own. My thought was that in America, I could live in a place where people do things right, but I fell back to what I knew... corruption, sports gambling... it's in my blood, whether I knew it or not. But at least in America we know the system isn't rigged, that matches aren't thrown like they are in Italy. See, it's all about trust.. and I trust gamblers to make their own mistakes, based on emotions, and not rig matches which of course would cause me to lose their trust, as they do in Italy.”

“Trust is very important to you.”

“It's everything.”

“Do you trust me?”

The look in her eyes as she holds her breath for my response is priceless, but no way am I making her wait for my answer, because it's one I don't need to think about.

“Come here.” She leans in and I cup her cheek. “Some people are born with family and others have to make their own. I'm making my own with you, and I trust you completely and forever.”

She does nothing.

“You understand me?”

Her little chin nods in my grip, but something's clearly wrong.

“There's been something I've been keeping from you, I trust you, it's just that it was never the right time.”

“Tell me and whatever it is I know we’ll make it better.”

She breathes in deep and slowly lets it roll out of her lungs.

“I want to feel pain when we have sex.”

“You want me to... hurt you?”

She nods, leaning in closer to me and runs her tongue across her upper lip. “That’s not what I want. It’s what I need.”

I don’t move a muscle, feeling that I’ve been increasing the pain over the past week, but always knowing this day would come. My childhood was steeped in pain and although I may not be Carl Jung or Sigmund Freud, I know we look for comfort in the things we know from our childhood, even though those things might be negative emotions, or more specifically... pain.

I can relate, because she’s just like me. We might be considerably different in age, nationality, and a whole host of other things, but deep down we’re one in the same.

“If that’s what you want then that’s what you’ll get, but we’re going to do it my way. And my way will guarantee that you feel so high you’ll think your head is in the clouds.”

“That’s what I want.”

I nod. “Then that’s exactly what you’re going to get.”

CHAPTER 15

Anna

“Stand on the desk,” he orders, his voice finding a level even deeper than its normal self, causing goosebumps to immediately form on my arms.

I brace myself and stand, and Antonio stands too, moving over to his Eames Lounge Chair and Ottoman, made of fine, black, Italian leather.

He sits, leaning back and sips on his espresso while I stand there, balancing on his desk.

“Take off your clothes,” he says, as he takes a sip.

The second I begin fiddling with my blouse his coffee gets put down, his arms cross, and he drinks in the sight of me.

“Now turn around,” he says, as I slip out of the last of my clothes, heels still on of course.

“Bend over to the front and touch your toes. I want to see that pretty pink pussy that belongs to me.”

My heart is hammering in my chest, my nipples elongated and my clit throbbing. I can't see him looking at me, but I know he is... obviously.

I do as I'm told, trying to sneak a peek around the sides of my legs...and trying not to fall face first off the desk at the same time.

God, I wanted him to spank me in this position. Take me right here on top of his desk. Everything.

“Now, you will grab your ass cheeks and spread them open... wide.”

I swallow, and it gets stuck, or is my throat dry? I’m not sure, but I’m sure this is vulgar...but I like it. No chance I would disobey him, especially not now when I’ve vocalized what I want just a minute or two earlier and I know he’s about to deliver it.

He grunts, groans, and I hear the chair creak, not knowing what position he’s getting into back there.

“Now, you will stand, dismount my desk, and you will come to me.”

I squat down, knowing this just means the show continues for him, and carefully get down off his desk. The fear of falling is actually arousing too, although I never would have suspected that kind of danger would excite me sexually.

The first step of my heel echoes throughout the room, but quickly his palm comes up, stopping me in my tracks.

“Crawl.”

“You want me to—”

“On your hands and knees,” his voice booms, causing me to jump slightly.

I slowly get down on the floor, the uncomfortable marble pressing against my knees as I make my way over to him.

“That’s the way, but just remember. This isn’t about degradation. This is about giving you exactly what you want, and I know you can feel the sensation in your knees right now...and in other places too.”

Dammit, he’s right.

I reach him and he stops me, cupping my chin again, and then brushing my hair back and off my shoulders.

“You know how hard you make me right now? How much I want you?”

I stare up at him but his face is expressionless. As my eyes rake over his body I see that his cock is anything but. It’s expressing an extreme desire for me.

I nod.

“Good, now take my cock out of my pants and suck it my little slut.”

My little slut?

“You like it when I call you that, don’t you?”

I want to be angry, but I can’t. I am his...and right now that’s exactly what I want to be...his little slut.

“Yes,” I whimper.

I reach in, but am quickly tsk’ed away. “No! With your mouth, not your hands.”

I pause, thinking of how I'm going to do this. His big rod is right there for the taking, but I can't have it...yet.

Angling my head sideways I bite down on the part of the leather closest to the buckle, seeing the Prada logo which matches the dress he picked up for me when we passed through Milan Malpensa International Airport. He bought it for me on a whim, like it was nothing.

Carefully sliding it back I manage to get it through the clasp, which releases so easily I almost wonder if he had this planned out, as if he knew I was going to ask this today, and then I pull my head back, trying to catch my breath.

I don't know if I'm out of breath from excitement, or holding my breath with his belt in my mouth...a belt that I wonder exactly where it's going to wind up later. I have my hopes.

"I don't have all day. Pull it out and suck it."

My hands come up, but I feel his body lean in and I look up to see his steely gaze, his eyes dark like thunderclouds that are ready to rain on my parade.

"I didn't say you could use your hands yet."

I manage to get his trousers unhooked and the zipper down surprisingly easy. After that I bite the waistband of his Dolce and Gabbana boxer briefs and yank them down in one tug, his cock springing free like a diving board.

"Give me what I want."

I swear he was harder than he'd ever been before...and longer and thicker too.

I lean in, taking him in my mouth and immediately feel his hand on the back of my head, forcing my head down until his cock bottoms out in the back of my throat.

I gag, and feel the prick of pain I so desperately want.

“That’s it,” he groans, as he leans back in his chair and I lean in and out, taking his veiny beast in and out of my mouth.

My pussy is wet beyond belief as I suck him like I’ve got five minutes to live and his dick has the antidote for my survival, but only if I suck him dry.

“More tongue,” he demands, and I run my tongue along the underside of his shaft on the downstroke, causing him to grunt.

I could taste the salty precome in my mouth as I try my hardest to suppress my gag reflex, and just in time as he immediately erupts in my mouth, sending a geyser of seed straight into the back of my throat, as his hand tightens on the back of my head, his unrelenting grip not even thinking of letting me go anywhere now.

I cough, and manage to take everything he’s got, including another few spurts.

He was absolutely right...I am a little slut right now. His little slut. And I love it.

I slide back and grab his shins, trying to steady myself.

“Did I say you could touch me?”

I instantly let go of him, trying to flex my abdominals to steady myself but it’s no use. Damn, he’s such a dickhead

right now with his commands and filthy language, and all I can think of is how much more of it I want.

“I wish you could have been me just so you could have seen what it looked like to watch you suck my cock. A fucking masterpiece. That’s what you are when you’re on your knees with my dick in your mouth.”

I start to catch my breath, and just in time.

“Lay across the ottoman, face down, and play with your pussy...finger your own cunt.”

I get into position, happy to be off the floor, but the blood immediately rushes to my head as I place my fingers between my legs and begin sliding my fingers up and down my slit.

“Flip that clit until you’re about to come...and then stop. If you come before I say so there will be no punishment.” He leans in close to my ear. “That’s right...I know you *want* to be punished.”

I start rubbing fast, getting to a place where I can get the punishment I want right away. I’m tired of waiting. He came in my mouth and got what he needed, now it’s time for me to get what I want.

But who am I kidding. The way he forcefully pressed my head into his groin, and kept it there as he climaxed, is exactly what I wanted...and we both know it. No way am I pulling the wool over his eyes anytime soon and trying to pass off what I did as a favor to him. For what it’s worth, I’m pretty sure I got even more pleasure out of it than he did.

I slide two fingers inside my pussy and really start going to town on myself, just as I hear his buckle shake and the leather slide through his belt loops.

“Don’t you dare stop touching yourself, no matter what happens next.”

No matter what happens next? Fuck, I’m getting close already, just wondering what he’s got in store for me.. for my punishment, my pleasure.

Suddenly the leather of his belt cracks over my ass and I lunge forward, but continue fingering my drenched hole.

The belt finds my cheeks again and again, but the next time I feel the buckle, and I freeze.

My breathing is heavy, and I feel a warm sensation wash through me.

“I. Said. No. Stopping.”

I get to work on my clit again, sweat dripping from my forehead and finding the floor in front of me, and I know I’m right on the edge, ready to explode.

“Now stop!” he yells.

I stare down at the wet marble in front of me, pissed like hell. I know the area on the other side of the ottoman is wet too, from my juices dripping.

But I’ve yet to find my release, thanks to his control. Or should I say no thanks.

But we both know, this build-up, this anticipation, while driving me crazy...is exactly what I want.

And he's the only man who gets me, and can give it to me... exactly what I desperately need.

CHAPTER 16

Antonio

Anna's ass is a perfect shade of pink, quickly turning red from the experience we just shared.

I thought I'd been increasing the pain enough, but apparently not. What's in those books my woman is reading?

I take her fingers, and suck her wet heat off them, tasting the sweetest, yet muskiest, taste in the world...and the one that's reserved for me and me alone.

I was getting mine, but what was more important was to let her get hers, in the grand finale.

I take her by the hand and lead her back over to the desk.

"On your back, on the desk."

She doesn't even think to question me, simply getting up on my desk and lying down.

With the back of my hand I push the coffee tray away, the hot brown liquid spilling on the floor. There's no time for civility right now.

I reach into the second desk drawer and remove all the spare ties I keep handy for a rainy day. Well, today I'm about to make it fucking pour. Make her pour.

Tying the ends together on five of them and then doing the same to five more I move toward the edge of the desk, tying up her wrists, before sliding under the desk.

“Are those going to function as bed restraints?”

“I don’t see a bed anywhere near here.”

“Desk restraints?”

“You mean... desk restraints, sir. I am the boss.”

“Are those... desk restraints, sir,” she says clearing her throat.

“Do your job, miss, and I’ll do mine.”

“What might my job be?”

I get the ties secured to her ankles and then reach inside my desk for the finishing touch... paperclips, which I clamp to each of her nipples.

Or so I thought that was the finishing touch.

I remove the tie I’m wearing and blindfold her.

“Your job, is to see where these heightened senses take you, now that your ability to see has been removed.”

I move around the desk slowly, watching her head track me, but not doing anything to her.

Bringing my hand to within a half inch of her skin she flinches. She feels me, just like I can feel her at all times.

Finally, I drag one finger along her shin, across her knee, and over her thigh before just barely brushing the back of my knuckles over her pussy...my pussy.

“You know, those books you read are really turning you into a freak.”

“So.”

“So...I wouldn't want you any other way, as long as you're *my* freak.”

“I'm yours.”

“I think you forgot something, miss.”

“I'm yours...boss.”

“That's more like it. Now to find out just exactly how much pain you like.”

I slide out of my clothes and fist my cock, bringing the head right to her opening.

“Remember, you're the one who's always in control. We stop, immediately, whenever you want.”

“I'm sure I won't want t—”

I ram my entire length into her, stopping her sentence mid word, as she wiggles her hips into me, her lower back settling into the hard wood underneath her as my hard cock stills inside her.

Reaching up, I grab her hair and pull, harder than usual, which isn't exactly a love tap, and begin fucking her with

reckless abandon.

“Uh huh. Uh huh,” she moans instantly.

“Is this what you want?” I ask.

“Yes!”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, boss. This is what I want. Fuck me harder, boss. Harder, Mr. Spina.”

Hearing her say my name in that authoritative way sends me into overdrive.

“You wanna get fucked hard by your boss and come all over his dick.”

“Yes. Yes, boss.”

“Is that why you’re so wet, all for me? You want me to make it burn?”

“Yes, boss.”

“Then don’t say another word. All I want to hear out of you are real screams when you’re getting it just the way you want it.”

I change my angle and slam into her, making sure to rotate my hips each time I’m buried inside as I want to put a real mark on her clit, letting her know who the only one is who knows what she needs and remind her I’m the only one who can give it to her.

What she wants, we both want...crave with everything we have. It was crazy that we found each other, like winning the lottery on the same day as getting struck by lightning.

And I was ready to cash in my ticket and reap every single reward that came with it.

And I only need one. Her.

Her hips start to tense and I know she's close.

"You ask my permission before you come."

She starts to scream uncontrollably, no words or requests coming from her mouth.

I grab her by the hip and rotate her as best as I can, slapping her ass on one side while pulling her hair to the other.

Her body is damn near bouncing off the desk and I know there will be bruises, if there aren't already.

Good, I want her marked because of me, in all ways. I want her to remember who's in control, who's dominant, and who the boss is.

Not because I'm on a power trip, but to constantly remind us of one of the many ways that we complete each other.

Smack!

I take the paperclips off her nipples and she's not ready for it. It's actually the removal that's more sensitive than the application.

She strains against my Gucci ties, the fabric starting to tear as she tries to cup her breast, but there's no way she's getting out of the binds I put her in.

She slams her ass down onto the table, trying to get her midsection to stop bucking and then she cries out, "I'm gonna come, Antonio!"

I pick up the pace to a point where it's not sustainable, but I know will push her over the edge.

"Please, Antonio... more!"

I reach down and put my thumb on one side of her throat and my fingers on the other, and the whole room explodes like it's the Fourth of July.

Her pussy clamps down hard on my dick, and then explodes all over me, juices running from her pussy and drenching the top of my desk.

Watching her convulse, her mouth open but nothing coming out, was the most beautiful thing in the world for me.

I apply more pressure everywhere, and she slides right into a second climax, and then a third.

"I'm not stopping until you do," I say calmly, and suddenly I orgasm again, completely unexpectedly as my body gives me no warning and I fill her with my seed, feeling something inside me that this is different, this is special... this could be the start of... us.

Finally her body stills, and I slowly free her of everything, just standing over her watching her chest heave as she tries to catch her breath.

The bruises are already appearing and different parts of her body are red.

"I was so scared," she says.

"That I was going to hurt you? Never."

"No, not that at all. That I would never find someone who could hurt me, but only in the way I want."

"I'm here for you now, and I'm not going anywhere."

"Promise?"

"I swear on it, and you know when an Italian swears on something it's for life...and beyond."

"Especially when they're connected," she winks in-between panting.

"The only thing I'm connected to now, is you. And that's never going to change."

After minutes of rough play we share a tender moment, and it's the icing on the cake.

I lean in and gently pull her body up to mine, holding her in a tight embrace and let time slip by without a care in the world.

"Maybe we should get a bite to eat," she giggles after I don't even know how much time has gone by.

"And stop by the bookstore on the way back to the office."

“The bookstore?”

“I want to read some of these books that made you the way you are.”

“Kindle only. I wouldn’t read those in public. Besides, you don’t need to read...you already know.”

“You’re right, but you better keep an eye on your Kindle next time you’re in the shower.”

“Why, you’re going to read it? Look at my purchase history?”

“I might just write a story of my own, having the two of us star.”

“You already wrote that story and it’s the best one I’ve ever read.”

“And this story is coming in installments, because we’re only on the first page.”

“Of many.”

“Of life. Our life. And the one I know we just created together.”

I don’t know what’s gotten into me, but I know what’s gotten into her. My baby.

I put my hand over her stomach and help her up off the desk.

Time to get dressed and refuel...and maybe if I’m lucky sneak a peek at this Kindle of hers to see what makes my

woman...my woman.

I don't expect that to tell the whole story, of course, but I just want to learn everything about her that I can, each and every day.

So when our children ask I can be an expert on all things...
us.

CHAPTER 17

Anna

“I’ll pull the Range Rover around,” Antonio says, as the sound of rain pelts the roof of the bookstore.

“Thanks. I’ll use the restroom and be right out.”

I hurry to the back of the store, not wanting to keep Antonio waiting. I know he’ll be quick and I don’t want him to get a ticket for sitting in a no parking zone. Not only that, I was able to convince him to buy five, count ‘em five, books for himself to read. Okay, he pretty much just took my recommendations, but it’s a start. He’s never read a fiction book in his life and I’m going to make a convert out of him if it’s the last thing I do.

I hurry up with my business in the bathroom and quickly step outside, but the second I do I feel something swoop over my head and a forearm buried in my mouth. I try and scream and kick, but I’m way too small for whoever has a hold of me.

Hearing a door open I kick my feet up, hoping to find a wall to keep myself inside. Whoever’s moving me is trying to take me out of here, and I know once I’m gone the chances of finding me are slim. I’ve watched enough cop shows to know that.

But it’s no use.

I feel my leg bump against the door and I keep kicking, biting down on the arm, but it only results in something that feels like a police baton, or Billy club, smacking me across the shoulder.

I can barely breathe inside this potato sack, or at least that's what it feels like, over my head.

"I got you now, you fucking bitch. I knew you'd be here... always having your nose stuck in some stupid book. You're gonna pay for what you did. Your boyfriend comes in and embarrasses me in my own diner, well I'm gonna show him who's boss when I fuck that little mouth of yours for days in my basement. Fucking whore."

"Please, Keith," I try and mumble, but it's no use as he laughs loudly like a hyena on meth.

"Half the customers quit coming in after you left, after you stole from me, so you fucking owe me something... something I'm going to take. You're paying me back bitch and it starts tonight."

I feel him shove me and feel my forearms make contact with cold aluminum, but just as I pull the bag off my head to scream the door to the cargo van slams shut.

He's got me in a fucking rape van and he's about to take me somewhere I'll probably never be found, whether alive or in pieces.

"Help!" I yell, but it's no use.

CHAPTER 18

Antonio

I drum the steering wheel wondering what's taking so long. Anna never makes me wait. If anything I'm the one who makes her wait on the things she wants.

That's part of the whole dominant and submissive lifestyle, although I wouldn't necessarily say that's us. We just are who we are, whether that's in the bedroom, or when it comes time to handle the day to day aspects of living.

And as a man who's in control, I don't like it when I'm not in control of where my woman is. I trust her completely, but there's something about this I don't like.

I throw the Range Rover in park, daring one of the cops to give me a ticket, and not caring when it's in regard to knowing my woman is okay, and push my way through the front door.

"Where is she?" I ask the clerk, my eyes and leaned-in posture letting him know I'm not fucking around.

"The girl you came in with?"

"No shit, Sherlock." I'm restless, about ready to blow my lid. Although this kid probably doesn't deserve the way I'm treating him, I don't care right now. I only care about knowing my woman is okay.

"I thought you picked her up around back."

“Around back?”

“Yeah, I heard the door shut and someone go outside. I thought it was—”

I dart to the bathrooms and see scuff marks on the wall and the back door not fully shut. Putting my shoulder into it, I see Keith, that bastard, jumping into a van’s driver’s seat.

My hamstrings, glutes and quads fire like never before and I sprint toward him like Usain Bolt after one hundred double espressos, diving as much of my upper body as I can through the open window just as he turns the engine over.

The van takes off down the alley, and I pull on the steering wheel hard, guiding this sick fuck’s pedo van right into the wall, where the tires just spin. I grab him by the collar and drag him out *through* the window.

“You fucked up now, son. Where is she?”

“Help!” I hear from the back of the van.

I quickly put Keith in a sleeper hold and reach inside for the keys, dragging his body, which is slowly going limp, with me to the back of the van, his heels dragging along the pavement.

I damn near break the key in half trying to jam it in and get the door open.

Immediately she’s out and in my other arm, and I’m pulling her in close.

“Are you hurt?”

"I'm fine," she says. "Oh my God, you saved me."

I give her a big hard kiss, letting her know I'm here for her.

And I'm here for Keith too, and there's nobody coming to save him.

"Take this," I say, digging my keys from my pocket. "And go directly back to the office. Don't stop for anyone, and call me the second you're inside the Range Rover. And lock the doors."

"What are you doing?"

"Something I should have done a long time ago."

I'm about to make the final scene of *Reservoir Dogs* look like an hour of *Sesame Street*.

"Antonio... what are you going to do?"

"We like pain around these parts, right?"

"Antonio?"

I nod Keith's chin for him.

"Well, Keith's going to find out just how much we like it."

"Antonio, don't. We can just call the cops."

"That's not the life you signed up for when you signed up to be with me."

"I signed up to be with you?"

“Your damn right you did.”

“I didn’t know if this was…”

“Forever? Fucking right it is.”

“I wasn’t sure if you were just—”

“I don’t play when it comes to my words. You know that. You’re mine woman. Now get your sexy ass to safety or I’m gonna give you a spanking.”

A smirk crosses her face.

“I forgot who I was talking to. I’ll give you a spanking *only if* you get your ass to safety.”

She smiles. “Just be careful.”

“No way am I risking my future, our future, and I mean everyone’s future,” I say putting my hand on her stomach, still absolutely convinced we’re nine months away from our first child.

She kisses me and runs off back through the store.

“You fucked with the wrong man, when you fucked with my woman, Sleeping Beauty,” I say, slapping Keith’s face trying to wake him up. “And now you’re going to take a big fucking bite of the apple that you won’t wake up from forever.”

I pause, wondering if I even have my fairy tales, or nursery rhymes, or whatever those things are called, correct.

I'll know soon enough. The voracious reader in my house will tell me if I've got it right. But she's not going to be just the voracious reader in my house. She's the woman of the house, in *our* house.

And anyone who fucks with her, deals with me.

I shove Keith in his van and take the driver's seat, flipping the visor down and sitting high in the seat.

Just like old times, and hopefully this is the last time I have to do this for a while, or ever.

I'm gonna be a family man soon...because I've got the only woman on this planet who's my equal, waiting on me back in my office.

She's mine...in all ways.

And I need to finish this so I can get back to what matters most in life.

Her.

CHAPTER 19

Antonio

The next morning

“Everything’s going to be okay,” I say, clutching her hand as we pull up to her house.

“I’m not sure what my dad’s gonna think about all this. I mean, he doesn’t even know you.”

“I have a way with people. I think he’ll warm up to me.”

I make my way around the Range Rover and open her door, escorting her up the front steps of her home.

Her grip is tight, and I try and suppress a smile, knowing what’s coming.

She brings the key to the lock, but her hands are so wobbly she can barely line the key up to the hole.

I clasp her tiny hand, steadying it, and slide the key right in, turning it and opening the door for both of us.

“Antonio,” he dad says.

“Mike,” I say, exchanging the greeting.

I make sure to keep my eyes on Anna, getting a glimpse of that priceless reaction I knew was coming.

“You two...wait. You...know each other?” she asks shocked.

“You could say that,” I say, going over to her dad and shaking his hand.

Anna walks over to the couch and falls back onto it, her mouth agape as she sinks into the cushions.

“I’m glad you’re already sitting, because that will make this much easier.”

Mike spins his wheelchair around to see what’s going on, but I have a feeling he already knows, seeing as we talked on the phone last night after things went down with Keith. I filled him in on everything and got him to sign off on my plans.

I take a knee in front of her, and take that same hand that was shaking a few seconds ago, trying to get the key in the lock, in my hands. Is it ever shaking now.

“Anna, beautiful, you’re the only one for me. I promise to love you until there’s nothing left of me.”

“Wait. What are you...?”

I bring a finger up to her lips, and then slowly bring it back, pulling a small, black velvet box out of my pocket and open it. I had it specially delivered when we were in Italy because I knew then, what I will know for the rest of my days.

“You’re mine, Anna, no matter what you say. This is so the whole world will know, and so you can always look down at your finger and know that I’m with you, no matter where I am...not that I plan on spending any time away from you.

Not now. Not ever. You're mine. Always." I pull out the ring and slide it onto her finger.

She gasps, and brings the eight-karat diamond ring to her lips before staring at it. She turns her hand over and the diamond catches the limited light in the house and sparkles damn near as much as her smile, but nothing will ever sparkle that bright.

"Don't I get to say yes?" she asks playfully.

"The second I walked into that diner you said yes as far as I was concerned. You coming to my office the next morning just sealed the deal."

Mike clears his throat and her attention turns in his direction.

"Did you have something to do with this, dad?" She turns her head sideways and squints one eye at him.

"The man saved your job, saved your life, and is saving our house. I know better than to look a gift horse in the mouth. He's the right man for you. He even asked me for my permission last night, old school style, like a true Italian gentleman."

"So you're not always so bossy?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? When you walk into the room it's like two people enter."

"Because of my size you mean?"

“Because of your ego!”

I shrug it off and she quickly wraps her arms around me. “I wouldn’t have it any other way. This damsel in distress needs her dominator.”

“We’ve got a whole lot of that to do today. Time to celebrate.”

“Get a room you two kids,” Mike teases.

“We’re the same age, buddy.”

“But you’re built of steel and the only thing steel about me is well...this,” he says, tapping his hip.

“That’s going to change. I’ve got some physical therapists who are going to see to that. You can trust me on that.”

“Well, you’ve always delivered when you said you were going to.”

“You’ll be squatting two hundred fifty and deadlifting three fifty within a year. Just watch.”

“I don’t know about that, but we’ll see.”

“Well, that back needs to be strong to pick up all the grandkids I’m going to give you.”

“Now, that’s what I call the proper motivation to get myself healthy again.”

“They’re gonna be fast and big too, just look at me. You need to be ready. You’ve got just under nine months to prepare.”

Anna playfully rolls her eyes. “You’re so sure about that, aren’t you?”

“Because I’m so sure about us. And I’m sure I’ve never said the words I’m about to say before.”

“And what might that be?” she asks, expecting a joke.

But there’s no time for fooling around now. This moment means everything, because she means everything.

“I love you.”

She freezes, staring into my eyes and I swear I can see the depths of the Ionian Sea in her eyes too.

A small tear runs out of the corner of her eye and before I can dab it away she buries her head in my chest, pulls back, and says, “I love you,” before kissing me hard.

Hard...it’s how we do everything. How we play. How we love. How we live.

But now that we’re together, life is easy...a piece of cake.

Italian cream cake that is...which we’re gonna need a lot of for the wedding I’ve got planned to show the world who’s mine.

Forever.

EPILOGUE

Anna

One year later

Antonio scoops Angelo, our three-month-old, off my lap and lifts him toward our high ceilings, which draws laughter out of Angelo.

Antonio was right. Exactly nine months after my first day on the job at his office I went into labor, delivering a beautiful baby boy.

I was hooked and so was Antonio, which is why I'm already pregnant again.

"Hey boss, I uploaded some topics to the community forum. I'm off to Italy now."

"Sounds good, Giovanni," Antonio says into the speakerphone that's sitting on the end table.

The call drops and Giovanni is on his way. Antonio's off-loaded a lot of the responsibilities for Spina Sports to Giovanni, who loves running the business now.

It's built around community, just like I presented at that table in Italy a year ago, and our home is built around family.

Antonio's seen the value of family so much, he's instituted liberal maternity and paternity leave at the office. The other employees can't believe it, but I sure can.

He may not have time to be bossy at work, but he sure is still the boss around here...in and out of the bedroom.

“Look, babe. Angelo, our angel, is flying,” Antonio says, putting a hand under our little boy, making an airplane noise, and swooping him through the living room, much to Angelo’s delight.

“He loves it when you do that,” I say softly, but Antonio picks it up.

“Then I’m not gonna stop.”

“You have to stop sometime, don’t you?”

“Permission to land at O’Hare,” Antonio kids, coming right at me with Angelo.

“No!” I joke back, covering myself with my hands for the “crash landing” that’s coming my way.

Antonio falls into the couch cushion next to me and wraps me and Angelo up in a big hug.

“See, I don’t ever have to stop anything I don’t want to...just like loving you three. That’s forever,” he says, putting a hand on my stomach.

Angelo giggles and Antonio places the tip of his huge, thick index finger on his tiny, little nose.

It’s so precious, and so priceless.

“It’s hard to believe that little guy is going to grow up to be as big as this guy,” I say, pulling myself into Antonio, who is

as immovable as a tree trunk.

“Not for me, because he’s my flesh and blood, my everything, and he’s made up of you and me. Perfect.”

“Perfect,” I echo. Just like the life I have here with my two men...one big, and one little. And there’s another on the way, although we don’t know the sex yet.

Antonio says it’s worth waiting, like how we waited for each other. He loves surprises, both getting them and giving them.

And I know he’s going to “punish” me tonight for not granting him and Angelo permission to land just now at the imaginary runway.

It doesn’t matter if I’m good or bad, as long as I’ve got him I’m always winning...and that’s what life’s all about.

Winning, and not in the competitive sense. Winning when it comes to winning the love of my family, which I know I’ll always have, and will always give back just as much as I get. That’s how we Italians do it, whether by blood or by marriage.

And Antonio is all things to me...my husband, my heartbeat, and the father of our Italian child...better make that children.

“Baciami,” I say, and Antonio’s lips melt into mine, as Angelo giggles, causing Antonio and I to smile into each other’s mouths.

One big happy family...forever and always.

EXTENDED EPILOGUE

Antonio

Eleven more years later

Your shrimp linguine is..." I bring the tips of my first two fingers to the tip of my thumb, and then all three too my mouth, before releasing them with a kissing sound.

"Sorprendente."

"So you're saying I'm a true Italian wife?"

"Once you have my tenth child, then you will be a true Italian woman," I joke, and she slaps me across the back of the head playfully. I like it though...maybe I secretly have a thing for pain too.

I wouldn't know though. My life is all about pleasure, and that all stems from the life that the two of us have made, and the lives that we've made together.

We've been together twelve years now, and time sure is flying fast, but I still know we can have two more children in the next three, putting us at ten kids in fifteen years. It's my wish more than anything.

And judging by the way I can't keep my hands off her, there's a good chance we might have two kids in eighteen months if that's possible, or twins, definitely ahead of schedule.

But schedules for us are a thing of the past. It's why we left Chicago to live here in Sicily. Time moves slower on the island, and relationships seem more grounded, like the roots of a tree.

We wanted our kids to grow up here where they could run around and be true Italian kids, versus the city life and sledging through the snow a few months out of the year.

I'm a solar powered guy, plus the pasta here is incomparable... especially when my woman makes it.

Not to mention her dad loves to fly out and sample the cuisine, and run around the island in preparation for those 5k's he likes to run back home. His physical therapy is complete and he's really become one helluva runner. His life is back on track and he's even met a nice woman. I couldn't be happier for him. He deserves it.

"Kids, grab the football and go outside and play," I say as I make quick work of the rest of my third plate of food. I always eat last, allowing my family to eat first, so the kids are already finished.

"We don't have to do the dishes first tonight, dad?"

"Just run along and play. And don't come back inside for an hour or two."

Angelo gives me a strange look, but then shrugs and grabs his brothers and sisters and they all head outside... except for our baby, Alessandra, who is sleeping in her crib.

"Throwing the kids out of the house, huh?" Anna asks. "I think I know what that means."

I drop my fork as I take the last bite and stand, moving quickly toward her as she's drying her hands with a towel.

I wrap her up in a big hug and make quick work of the apron which is tied behind her back.

"It's time...for nine."

"Oh, is it?"

I don't even stop, kissing my way up and down her neck.

"You're still the bossy Italian that I've always known. You're not about to take no for an answer, are you?"

"If you try it you're gonna get spanked."

"No! No! No! No!" she jokes, and I scoop her up off her feet and carry her straight to the bedroom.

"Put me down, Antonio. I'm too heavy to carry."

"Quick talking rubbish," I say, and in less than three seconds I'm tossing her onto the bed and pulling my white T-shirt up and over my head.

"You still find me attractive after all those kids, and all the pasta we seem to eat on a daily basis?" she asks, sliding out of her clothes.

"Sorry, I can't hear what you're saying," I continue, as I unzip my pants. "I'm too focused on that beautiful body of yours."

"Come on. You're laying it on thick now."

“Oh, I’m gonna give you something thick alright. And I’m going to give it to you while you’re laying, standing, pressed against the wall, and about a thousand other ways I can think of.”

“Is that a threat?” she jokes.

“That’s a promise,” I say, removing the last piece of clothing and feeling my rock hard erection needing to be inside her now.

I need to claim her again, as I do each morning when I wake up, before bed, and the numerous times during the day when we sneak off and I remind her who she belongs to.

Quickly I’m on the bed mounting her, thinking about how incredibly sexy she is...thinking about the family she’s given me...and how damn much I want two more children...at least two more.

“I love you so fucking much,” I say out of nowhere. The truth, the desire, and the Italian passion just spill from my lips sometimes. It’s beyond my control.

“And I love y—”

But before she can finish my mouth claims hers and I’m sliding inside her.

My eyes close and everything is perfect, as it always is here on our little Italian island with our big Italian family.

And the reason for all of it, all my happiness, this life, this perfection...is her.

My woman.

I may have just been a bossy Italian when we first met, but she's the Italian boss now...because she's in charge of giving me what I want more than anything...a bigger family...with her and only her.

"We're not stopping at ten!" I moan as I thrust in and out of my woman.

"You're so bossy!" she says, in-between deep exhales.

"Damn right I am, when it comes to making babies...with *you*."

A MAN WHO KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS

[Book 1: Baby Lust](#)

[Book 2: Veteran](#)

[Book 3: Built](#)

[Book 4: Bambino](#)

[Book 5: Rescued](#)

[Book 6: Leader](#)

[Book 7: Professor](#)

[Book 8: Burned](#)

[Book 9: Worldly](#)

[Book 10: Pistol](#)

[Book 11: Policed](#)

[Book 12: Driven](#)

[Book 13: Lucky 13](#)

[Book 14: Lumberjacked](#)

[Book 15: Protector](#)

[Book 16: Carpenter](#)

[Book 17: Italian Stallion](#)

[Book 18: Gardener](#)

[Book 19: Budapest Billionaire's Virgin](#)

[Book 20: Billionaire's Babysitter](#)

[Book 21: Cocky CFO](#)

[Book 22: Fireman's Filthy 4th](#)

[Book 23: Mechanic](#)

[Book 24: SEAL's Secret](#)

[Book 25: Police, Pooch, and Smooch](#)

[Book 26: Fireman's Fake Fiancée](#)

[Book 27: Billionaire's Virgin Ballerina](#)

[Book 28: Bitcoin Billionaire's Babysitter](#)

[Book 29: Veterans Day Daddy](#)

[Book 30: Cowboy's Christmas Carol](#)

[Book 31: Police Officer's Princess](#)

[Book 32: Statham](#)

[Book 33: Bodyguard](#)
[Book 34: Greek God](#)
[Book 35: Billionaire Single Dad's Babysitter](#)
[Book 36: Mountain Man](#)
[Book 37: SEAL's Justice](#)
[Book 38: Royal Romance](#)
[Book 39: Doctor Mountain Man's Special Delivery](#)
[Book 40: Crocodile Dan D](#)
[Book 41: Mountain Man's Secret Baby](#)
[Book 42: Doctor Bad Boy's Secret Baby](#)
[Book 43: Cop's Babysitter](#)
[Book 44: Nanny for the Cop Next Door](#)
[Book 45: Small Town SEAL's Saving Grace](#)
[Book 46: Cop's Fake Fiancée](#)
[Book 47: Billionaire's Nanny](#)
[Book 48: Cowboy's Babysitter](#)
[Book 49: Steamy](#)
[Book 50: Brother's Best Friend](#)
[Book 51: Possessive Professor](#)
[Book 52: Firefighter's Babysitter](#)
[Book 53: Soldier's Secret Baby](#)
[Book 54: Ward's Independence Day](#)
[Book 55: Doctor Next Door](#)
[Book 56: Possessive Policeman](#)
[Book 57: Coached by the MMA Fighter](#)
[Book 58: Boss's Babysitter](#)
[Book 59: Virgin in New York](#)
[Book 60: Rock Star's Baby](#)
[Book 61: Possessive Protector](#)
[Book 62: Possessive Australian](#)
[Book 63: Best Friend's Brother](#)
[Book 64: Possessive Cowboy](#)
[Book 65: Summer Romanced](#)
[Book 66: Possessive Prince](#)
[Book 67: Lovers's Enemy](#)
[Book 68: Cop's Best Friend](#)

[Book 69: Possessive Firefighter](#)
[Book 70: Football Next Door](#)
[Book 71: Doctor December](#)
[Book 72: Possessive Canadian](#)
[Book 73: Blue Collar Billionaire](#)
[Book 74: Possessive K-9 Cop](#)
[Book 75: Possessive Brazilian](#)
[Book 76: Hockey Obsession](#)
[Book 77: Possessive Boston Irish American MMA Fighter](#)
[Book 78: Halloween Next Door](#)
[Book 79: Possessive Russian](#)
[Book 80: Baseball Mine](#)
[Book 81: Cop's Caribbean Captive](#)
[Book 82: Instalove Island](#)
[Book 83: Dad's Best Friend](#)
[Book 84: Thanksgiving with Dad's Boss](#)
[Book 85: Possessive Italian Neighbor](#)
[Book 86: Possessive Portuguese](#)
[Book 87: Possessive Christmas Cop](#)
[Book 88: Russian's Obsession](#)
[Book 89: Possessive Doctor's Christmas](#)
[Book 90: Possessive Parisian Pilot](#)
[Book 91: U.K. Boxing Day](#)
[Book 92: Jealous Russian Stalker](#)
[Book 93: Italian Mountain Man](#)
[Book 94: Aggressive Russian](#)
[Book 95: Possessive Valentine](#)
[Book 96: Possessive Hunter](#)
[Book 97: Dad's Russian Mafia Friend](#)
[Book 98: Russian Teacher](#)
[Book 99: Australian Obsession](#)
[Book 100: Russian Next Door](#)
[Book 101: Dad's Irish Friend](#)
[Book 102: Nanny for the Russian Mafia](#)
[Book 103: Best Friend's Dad](#)
[Book 104: Basketball Babymaker](#)

[Book 105: Possessive Veterinarian](#)
[Book 106: Brother's Fireman Friend](#)
[Book 107: Brother's Canadian Cowboy Friend](#)
[Book 108: Summer Vacation with Dad's Best Friend](#)
[Book 109: Dad's Italian Mafia Friend](#)
[Book 110: Dad's Irish Mafia Friend](#)
[Book 111: Dad's Football Friend](#)
[Book 112: Possessing His Dancing Queen](#)
[Book 113: Brother's Cop Friend](#)
[Book 114: Halloween With Dad's Best Friend](#)
[Book 115: Claimed By Her Boss](#)
[Book 116: Possessive Rider](#)
[Book 117: Dad's Ex-Biker Buddy](#)
[Book 118: Possessive Undercover Cop](#)
[Book 119: Falling For Her Boss](#)
[Book 120: Claiming His Fashionista](#)
[Book 121: More Than Dad's Best Friend](#)
[Book 122: Thanksgiving With Dad's Best Friend](#)
Book 123: Bossy Italian

BRATVA BEAR SHIFTERS

[Book 1: Dad's Russian Mafia Bear Best Friend](#)

[Book 2: Babysitter For Dad's Russian Mafia Bear Friend](#)

LAIRDS & LADIES

[Book 1: Possessive Highlander](#)

RUSSIAN UNDERWORLD

[Book 1: Brooklyn Bratva](#)

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